

# THE TWO WORLDS.

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## OUR ALBUM OF MEDIUMS AND WORKERS.

MR. S. S. CHISWELL.

IN 1892 Mr. S. S. Chiswell, of Liverpool, presided over the Annual Conference of the National Federation of Spiritualists at Burnley (as also that of the previous year at Bradford, in place of Mr. Lamont, who was ill), so genially and successfully that he was elected both at the Lyceum Union Annual Meeting and at the Federation Conference to preside over their gatherings next year, hence doubtless many of our readers will be pleased to know more of him and his experiences in Spiritualism.

Tall, lithe, alert and vigorous, his strongly marked features and penetrating eyes give one the impression that he is shrewd, capable, and not a man to be trifled with; yet his buoyant, open, genial disposition, and magnetic presence indicate that he is a man of many sides, of varying moods. He can be firm, decided, and dominating, or he can be gentle, sympathetic, and generous. A man to value as a friend. A ready worker, conscientious, and honourable, he is one who will make his influence felt in any thing he undertakes. Under his conductorship, ably seconded by Mrs. Chiswell, as musical director, and a staff of willing officers and leaders, the Liverpool Children's Lyceum has become a centre of happy influences and helpful instruction—a very successful educational institution. For nearly three years chairman of the Board of Directors of the *Times* *Illustrated* Publishing Company, Limited, and at present secretary of the Board of Management of the Liverpool Spiritualist Society, meeting in Daulby Hall, he is doing good and ample work for Spiritualism, and is therefore a fit and proper person to be entered in our album of spiritual workers. In response to our question: "How did you first get acquainted with Spiritualism?" he said, "In 1878 my uncle, Mr. Richard Chiswell, of Manchester (well-known to Manchester Spiritualists), was holding private circles at his home. In company with two friends I attended one of them, more with a view to detect the fraud than with any belief in the reality of the phenomena, attributing results, as usual at that time, to 'unconscious muscular action' and 'unconscious cerebration', but one of my friends received such evidence through the impersonating mediumship of my cousin that we came away staggered, and our theories considerably upset."

"What was your state of mind at that time?"

"Strongly materialistic and sceptical in the extreme. I had been carefully trained in the strict tenets of the Particular Baptists, and graduated through the General Baptists, Wesleyan Methodists, and Congregationalists into Materialism. I had been baptised as a believer, and also elected a Deacon of a Congregational Church. It was while engaged in the active work of the latter that doubts and misgivings began to grow in my mind, occasioned, as I then thought, by the Devil, which became so pronounced that I had to give up Sunday school work and retire from my connection with the Church, and thereafter devoted my energies almost entirely to business."

"After the seance referred to what did you do?"

"I occasionally attended the circles, and witnessed various manifestations, including rappings, tiltings, impersonations, and speaking. These things influenced my mind considerably, and shook my scepticism, but I was most powerfully affected by a discourse given through Mr. J. J. Morse in the Grosvenor-street Temperance Hall, Manchester. Subjects were invited, and my uncle, who sat next to me, recommended me to send one up. 'Oh, that's all right, that's all arranged no doubt,' said I, 'they'll take no subject from me.' 'Yes, they will,' said my uncle, 'send one up and try.' I was just then perplexed to know what Spiritualism

was—a science, a religion, a philosophy, or *what*, so I asked 'What is the religion of Spiritualism?' When the subjects were read out to the audience and voted upon, mine secured almost unanimous approval, and upon it Mr. Morse delivered a remarkable address, in the course of which my doubts and difficulties were all dealt with, and the religion of Spiritualism so clearly expounded that I may say I was 'converted' there and then if there is any truth in conversion. By the way, I once asked the same question of Mr. Clegg Wright, who answered it in epigrammatic form, thus: 'Keep your body clean and your mind pure,' a definition, I think, which it would be hard to beat."

"Have you any mediumship?"

"Oh, yes. My two friends and I joined a circle in Liverpool, and one of them became a surprising clairvoyant, and after sitting alone for eighteen months I became controlled and developed rapidly, and was first used for impersonations and afterwards for speaking."

"Were you unconscious when under control?"

"No, but I am in a curious state, which varies from full consciousness to total abstraction from my surroundings according to conditions. For instance, attending a concert recently, and listening to one of Beethoven's symphonies, in which a monk's chant is introduced, I lost myself completely, and was walking along a dimly-lighted passage beneath groined arches in company with a procession of monks, each of whom carried a lighted censer, and I seemed to be with them for quite a time, although I believe I heard all the music."

"The circle used to be conducted entirely under spirit direction through the mediumship of one of the sitters, who was a thoroughly unconscious clairvoyant medium. The sitting lasted for two hours regularly, an interval of ten minutes was allowed for light refreshments. The spirits always intimated what would take place during the evening, and on one occasion the medium I refer to was late. We commenced the seance without him, and I was made to get up and announce a programme. I had scarcely sat down before he came in and passed under control, and as usual commenced to state the order of proceedings. I was trembling with fear lest I should have given out a wrong statement. I remember distinctly I had announced that the address to be given through me would be upon 'Death and Life,' and I fairly shook with apprehension lest there should have been a mistake, but I was greatly relieved and regarded it as a good test when he proceeded to lay down the same programme, and announced the same subject as had been intimated by me."

"Talking of tests, have you had any good evidences of spirit-identity?"

"Yes, many; but I think the best evidences of spirit-identity are supplied in cases such as that of my brother-in-law, who for a period of upwards of a dozen years has been continuously manifesting his presence through my own mediumship, and besides displaying his own strongly marked characteristics of disposition, which are readily recognised by those who knew him, and a continuity of his own consciousness, he also gives abundant evidence of possessing knowledge of family affairs and the conditions of absent members of the family quite beyond my own range of knowledge or that of my wife. Besides this he has been over and over again described to us by a number of clairvoyants at different times and in different places."

"As materialisations are just now much to the front, have you had any satisfactory experiences of the phenomena of the 'duplication of form'?"

"Yes, unmistakably so; this I am perfectly sure about. I had 13 consecutive sittings with a local medium at the house of a friend. I fixed up a curtain upon a brass rod across a corner of the room, just sufficient to hold a chair and the medium, yet I frequently



saw the spirit form and the medium at the same time most distinctly. On several occasions I clearly saw the spirit who spoke to me and others, and we heard the medium coughing in the corner while the form was outside and saw the latter go up to and make passes over the medium until he again became quiet.

A good number of sitters clearly recognised their friends, and held conversations with them. The little boy of a sceptical friend of mine came out and went to his father and mother and spoke his name. They recognised him, and the following day showed me his photo., and I was certain that it was the same face. The light was strong, amply sufficient for us all to see clearly every object in the room. When the sittings were over the medium was so depleted that he seemed almost as though his legs could not bear the weight of his body, and indeed he could not leave the house for a considerable time because he had not regained his strength sufficiently."

What, in your opinion, is the future of Spiritualism?"

"I believe we are on the eve of a great change in the religious world, and that Spiritualism has already materially affected the social, moral and religious movements of the age. It will, in my opinion, become the basis of a universal religion which will lead to a union of all who love for the benefit of all who suffer."

### SPIRITUALISM A UNIVERSAL RELIGION.

A LECTURE BY WM. DENTON, DELIVERED IN 1870.

THE man who lectures on immortality in this nineteenth century, and has never investigated the spiritual phenomena of this age, is as inexcusable as the man who lectures on astronomy, ignoring all that has been discovered since the telescope was invented, and refuses to look through it, asserting that what his eyes cannot behold he is quite certain can never be seen.

To be a universal religion, Spiritualism must not only be based upon living facts; it must administer to the great needs of the soul—those needs especially that science and philosophy, so called, have been utterly unable to supply. The greatest of these needs is an assurance of our own future existence and that of our friends, where we can meet and enjoy their presence. All others appear to me insignificant. Some tell us that we should live in the present, and let the future take care of itself. We are so constituted that we cannot do this. Have we reason to expect evil to-morrow—it darkens like a cloud the sky of to-day; the joy that we anticipate in the future glorifies the present as the unrisen sun gilds the tops of the eastern hills. Assure us of our future and the future of our friends, and we will bear the ills of the present with the courage of martyrs. Their faith in the future made heroes of the early Christians—enabled them to sing in the dungeon—to bear the rack unmoved, and smile as they stood with the burning pile around them. If faith has done this, what will not knowledge do? (Applause.) The religion that does not supply their need can never command the allegiance of any large number of believers. The religion destitute of a future life is like a man without a backbone—incapable of showing any power—as helpless and as useless as a jelly fish on a dry sea-beach. Where is the religion that can equal Spiritualism in supplying knowledge of the future of life? To be equal to it must be it.

Mary Jenkins is a widow who has just lost her son William, twenty years of age. He was not vicious; he was not religious, but kind to his mother, whose affections were centred on him. He was her all. A fever seized him and the cold grave has closed over all that was left, and she cannot be comforted. She opens the Old Testament and reads: "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake." "But how many?" she says. "When will they awake? Will my boy awake then, and shall I also awake, and shall I see and know him?" Where can she obtain the answer to these important questions? She turns to the New Testament for the comfort that the Old is unable to give, and she reads: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." "Ah! but my boy did not die in the Lord; he cared nothing about the Lord. What blessing is there for him?" She reads again: "The fearful, the unbelieving, and the abominable and murderers and whoremongers and sorcerers and idolators and all liars,

shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." She remembers that William was an unbeliever, and scoffed at sacred things; nor did he always tell the truth. Her fears say: "He has his part in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone." And her mother's love says: "I wish I was there with him, to comfort him. Oh! shall I ever see my boy? Would to God that I might go where he is! I'd rather be in the deepest hell with him, than in the highest heaven without him."

She hears of Emerson, the Concord philosopher; of his profound wisdom, and his benevolent heart, and she resolves to call upon him and inquire of him in the anguish of her heart. She states her case: "Now, Mr. Emerson, is my boy alive, and shall we meet again?" "Well," says Mr. Emerson, "we have no proof of immortality, but it is highly probable that he does live somewhere, and you may possibly meet him again." "Highly probable!" says the mourning widow, "it is possible," rings in her desolate soul—"is this all?" and she turns, sad and sorrowful, away. Some one informs her that our friend Alger, the Unitarian minister who officiates in this hall, has made the subject of the future existence of man a special subject of study for many years, and to him she also applies. Her heart is breaking with grief, doubt and anxiety, and she cannot rest. "Yes," says Mr. Alger, "I have studied this subject for twenty-three years. I have read all the books that I could find which treat of it, and my conclusion is, that I know nothing of the existence of man after death—neither does any other man, much as some pretend. It is impious to seek to discern what God has not thought proper to reveal." Sadder, fearfully sadder, but no wiser, she turns in silence and sorrow away.

She has heard of Spiritualism, but it had always been regarded by her as something low and vulgar; it was the Nazareth out of which no good thing could come. But at length she goes to a medium, a total stranger; raps are heard upon the table at which she sits, and she is not to be convinced by any such cheap test as this. She is told by the raps to place a sheet of paper under the table with a pencil on the paper, and on taking it out, reads to her astonishment and delight:

Dear Mother: Cheer up; I am with you. Your William watches over you for good. We shall meet again.—Your loving son,  
WILLIAM JENKINS.

There it is, a *fac simile* of his handwriting. Away go clouds and gloom; joy chases sadness from her soul, and she blesses the only religion that has brought immortality to light and returned from the field forever victorious over death. There is not a city nor a town, not a hamlet in the broad country into which Spiritualism has not gone, giving the balm of consolation to the mourners' heart by indisputable evidence of the presence of the departed. At its touch, the "monster grim" has been transformed into an angel of light, and the gloomy portals of the tomb into the pearly gate of Paradise!

A religion, to be universal, must be in harmony with reason and science, and bear the strictest scrutiny. Ours is a reasonable religion, and it is the only religion that is. When a man goes to a Christian church, he generally leaves his reason behind the door with his umbrella. "Were I to reason on religion as I do on science," says Faraday, "I could never be a Christian." Reason calls for knowledge—Christianity demands faith. Reason demands miracles now, if they were ever performed—Christianity demands acceptance of the wonderful past, that can never be repeated, on pain of eternal damnation. Christianity shocks our reason at every step, and the more reasonable men become, the faster they outgrow it. Spiritualism teaches that man is a spirit, and points to the living facts that demonstrate it; it teaches that this spirit lives after death, and it has thousands of the best of men and women to testify that they know it; it declares that the spirit separated from the body can and does communicate with those still in the body, and it presents an array of evidence in its demonstration that is absolutely overwhelming, and in accordance with reason and true science. Bring in Mohammedanism, and it cannot stand the fire of reason for five minutes. Bring in Judaism—it dare not look up or open its lips till reason has gone. Bring in Christianity, and what form of its creeds will stand the test? Jesus himself, cross-questioned on this platform,



would acknowledge the weakness of his position. But Spiritualism in accordance with reason and common sense proclaims its simple creed: 1st, that man is a spirit; 2nd, that that spirit lives after death; 3rd, that that spirit can communicate with those left on earth. And there are ten thousand of the most intelligent of people in Boston who are ready to acknowledge its truth, and twenty thousand more who believe it, and would like to say so, but are not ready to, because it isn't popular and fashionable enough yet.

The greatest of sceptics, such men as Owen and Hare, who have spent a long life in the darkness of annihilation, have had their spiritual eyes opened, and recognised that what we call death never reaches the man. We are the children of life—eternal life, and we bless the religion that has revealed this to our souls.

*Concluded next week.*

## BASIL'S QUEST.

CHAPTER V.

It must not be imagined that Basil neglected his biblical studies. During the period of his visit he worked at them diligently, setting apart two or three hours a day for that purpose. Occasionally he posted a batch of questions to Dean Elmore at Muncaster, who did his best to answer them in accordance with the canons and articles of the Established Church.

Many of these answers did not satisfy Basil. The Dean's reasoning rested on strong premises laid down by himself, and these being accepted, it was easy enough to build up a sequential structure of theological doctrine.

Bred in the lap of the Church, from his youth upwards he had been thoroughly drilled in its articles, creeds and doctrines; and these having become, as it were, inherent convictions, he could no more doubt them than he could doubt his own existence. Consequently he could not put himself thoroughly into touch with a person who, coming to the study of these matters with a mature and clear mind, required stronger evidence than the Dean was able to give.

To him, many of Basil's queries seemed to be put in a cavilling spirit, and with the intention of discovering inconsistencies and contradictions; instead of showing a sincere desire to find the truth.

The result of all this was what might have been expected. In one of his letters Basil quoted an extract from a work of which the Dean did not approve. He wrote sharply in return, expressing his displeasure, and saying that if Basil wanted to gain any lasting benefit he must not read such books, but confine himself strictly to orthodox works.

Surprised and hurt, Basil replied that he did not think a one-sided investigation was either fair or to his advantage; and so the correspondence was allowed to drop, and he continued his studies alone.

As his visit drew to a close, he wrote to Armstrong asking if he could recommend suitable apartments in any of the London suburbs; if possible in his own neighbourhood; and by return received a reply from that gentleman stating that his landlady had two rooms to let at a reasonable figure, which he thought would suit him admirably.

Basil closed with this offer at once, and a few days more found him comfortably installed in his new home.

The morning after his arrival he tapped at the door of Armstrong's room. A clear, boyish voice cried, "Come in."

Obedient to the injunction, he found himself in a comfortably furnished sitting room. On a broad couch by the window lay a young man, apparently about eighteen or nineteen years of age. By the head of the couch stood a pair of crutches, and one glance at the poor deformed figure revealed the necessity for this support.

The face attracted Basil's attention at once. Its almost death-like pallor was intensified by the thick black curls which clustered over a noble forehead, and by the large dark eyes set under thick straight brows. Strong lines, wrought by years of suffering, showed themselves round about the sensitive mouth, making him look older than he really was.

He sat up as Basil approached, saying with a sweet smile: "You are Mr. Trefusis. Father said you would probably call to-day. I am Phillip, which appellation with friends is usually shortened into Phil."

"I am very pleased to make your acquaintance, Phil," returned Basil, "and trust we shall be good friends. I intend to trouble you with my company very often."

Phil's eyes sparkled as he replied: "You will not come too often, Mr. Tre—"

"Now, Phil, if we are going to be chummy, you must drop the Mister. My front name is Basil, and don't you forget it."

After this unconventional introduction they dropped into a general conversation, and found that much in common existed between them.

"How are your studies progressing Mr.—Basil, I mean," asked Phil. "Father told me of your peculiar position. I can sympathise with you, as I have waded through that plough of despond myself perhaps I can assist you."

"I wish you would. Let me tell you what I have been doing."

Basil then gave him a brief resumé of his labours. Speaking of the life of Christ, he said:

"I cannot see the justice of the curse He pronounced upon the scribes and pharisees, and the reward He promised to His followers. The Apostles must have been in most instances, ignorant men, whereas the scribes must necessarily have possessed a considerable amount of learning; and it seems to me that their doubts were only natural, and there was nothing unreasonable in their demand for satisfactory evidence. I mentioned this to Mr. Elmore, and he replied that the very fact of Christ's denunciation showed that it was necessary, or He would not have made it. That is no proof to me!"

"Not at all, Basil," assented Phil.

"Again, I find that the Gospels were not written until the close of the second century, or even later; and I began to doubt whether such a person as Christ existed at all."

As Basil concluded his last sentence, he was alarmed to see Phil fall back and close his eyes; and an almost imperceptible shudder passed over his face.

"Are you ill, Phil?" he enquired, anxiously.

"No, my friend," answered Phil, putting out his hand to restrain Basil from rising; and speaking slowly and deliberately, "your last statement has interested us greatly, and we should like to assist you to a clearer understanding on this matter. Without doubt a social reformer and teacher existed about the period mentioned in the book you call the New Testament; but he laid no claim to be other than he was—a man amongst men; not a God-man. Marvellous accretions have always gathered round the leaders and demi-gods of all ancient religions; hence the confusion which exists between the historical and real Christ, and the mythical and unreal. The popular and prevalent conception of the founder of Christianity is the natural result of the contact of religion with its local and temporal environment. Do you follow us, friend?"

"Yes," said Basil, wondering at Phil's change of address. "I understand you perfectly. If your explanation be true, it will sweep away many of the theological cobwebs which have clogged my brain. I should like a little more information on this point, if you will be so kind."

"With pleasure! Do you think that such a notable person as the scriptural Christ could have existed without making a conspicuous mark on the page of his times?" "No!" returned Basil. "He would have had a reputation equal to that of a king."

"You are quite right. Then how comes it that contemporaneous history does not speak of Him?"

"I have heard that the Jewish historian Josephus, refers to Him, and to His life and mission."

"You refer to the one passage claimed to have been discovered by Eusebius, but even the most zealous theologians have been obliged to admit that this passage is an interpolation. Gibbon warns you of this forgery. If you want further evidence, Lactantius, Pliny, Suetonius, Epictetus, and Plutarch, all of them writers in the same century as that of Christ, with the exception of a few current traditions, make no mention of Him."

"Your argument is very convincing," said Basil. "I see now that my investigations have been conducted from a wrong standpoint. Taking it for granted that the Bible was an inspired work, I have been obliged to have unsolved much that seemed important, thinking



that further study might perhaps throw a light upon the parts I could not understand."

"My dear young friend, it is proved by the authority of the first Christian scholars and divines, that there is not a jot or tittle of external historical evidence to prove that a single book, chapter, or verse came from God miraculously; but on the other hand, from the same source, it is proved beyond doubt that false Acts of the Apostles; false Epistles; were forged by orthodox Christians.

There is no proof in history that the disciples ever wrote a word of the New Testament.

These are startling assertions, yet a systematic course of reading such as our instrument here can recommend will undoubtedly lead you to the truth, and set at rest your doubts and fears."

Here Phil passed his hand several times across his brow, opened his eyes and sat up. "Well?" he said smilingly at Basil's puzzled countenance. "Have I given you anything that will be of use?"

"My dear Phil, you have put matters in a new light altogether; but why did you change your manner of speaking and refer to yourself as an instrument?"

"That was done for an essential purpose, though it may have seemed like affectation; but I will explain it some day to your entire satisfaction."

Very good! Now concerning that course of reading?"

"Suppose we devote a few hours every morning to the matter," said Phil.

"I am both willing and thankful," replied Basil.

"While we are on this subject I should like to ask you a question. Are you an Agnostic?"

"No; I am not!"

"Then, what are you? I don't ask out of impertinent curiosity."

"If you will excuse me," said Phil, after a few minutes' consideration, "I will answer that question when I explain the other matter."

"All right! you old mystery box. You are as bad as an oracle," said Basil, laughing, "but understand, old man, I mean to get to the bottom of this business."

At this juncture their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Phil's father. He greeted Basil warmly, and then turning to Phil, exclaimed:

"You have done my lad good already. He looks brighter than he has done for days."

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. Armstrong. We are going to be good friends, I assure you."

*To be continued.*

## TWO ISMS.

By L. M. BYLES. [Being a Paper read before the Hanley Spiritual Church, November 17, 1894.]

(Continued from page 635.)

### ISM No. II. ITS NEED, NATURE, AND AIMS.

ISM No. 2 is spiritual in its aims, and relies more on argument and moral suasion than on force. It is connected with all religious beliefs because it aims at the Spiritual Regeneration of man, at the acknowledgment of God's fatherhood and man's brotherhood distinct, because its adherents alone *know* their beliefs to be true; because they alone can appreciate the glories of the wonder-world beyond, because they alone communicate with its inhabitants.

"But, what do they gain? What good does it do them?" you may ask. Suppose an engineer in the East desired to improve the clumsy mechanism of his primitive machines where should he seek advice? Would he, think you, gain anything from communication with the Western world and Western engineers? Do you not think that frequent intercourse with Edison might do something at least to assist him in his desire to improve? In the same way the adherents of this spiritual religion wish to improve the clumsy mechanism of modern society, and believe they will be materially helped by communicating with the inhabitants of a land whose social machinery is better formed, and whose parts run with less friction. They believe that intercourse with those possessing practical experience of God's own special kingdom may do something at least to assist the improvement of this realm.

No doubt, in the course of their communications they receive much that is comparatively trivial. They

encounter ungrammatical intelligences, and are astounded at the seeming foolishness of many remarks. They also receive information that only indirectly affects the regeneration of society. As, for example, the knowledge—

That there is but one God, and not three.

That man does not die.

That vicarious atonement for sin is a delusion of priest-craft; but vicarious suffering is a fact of God.

Then again, they receive messages only interesting to those present. As for example the news that—

Arthur lives and still loves Mary.

That Arthur desires a certain thing to be done.

Nevertheless the chief communications relate to that glorious world where "rust and moth corrupt not, neither do thieves break through nor steal," of that wonderful organisation compared to which the highest European civilisation is veritable anarchy.

And what do these communications teach? What is this organisation like?

First and foremost, universal brotherhood is acknowledged and felt, while all love and revere the common Father—God. None desire to despoil their neighbour. All live for each and each for all. Men think more of brotherly kindness than of commercial ability. All men have equal opportunities to develop their latent resources. No man can tyrannise and direct, govern, or rule, because of an accident of birth, but he alone is ruler whose moral and intellectual capacity fit him for such a post. He alone is monarch whose nature is kingly. Power does not belong to the physically strong. Savanarola would be a greater and more powerful man than Nero; Alfred, King of England, than Xerxes; Paul, the Roman tent-maker, would be more honoured than half the earthly kings put together.

Absolute equality of opportunity is the order of the day.

Mutual forgiveness of each vice,  
Such are the gates of Paradise.

### CONCLUSION.

ISM No. 1 is Socialism, that great movement whose importance is as yet little realised. No. 2 is Spiritualism. In what are they alike, and in what do they differ?

Socialism pays no attention to the world to come. It busies itself solely with improving this world, and is content if man's happiness is assured here, without considering his moral welfare and happiness hereafter.

Spiritualism aims at creating a new social order here based on that of the hereafter. It teaches of a great All-loving Father whom we call God. Of moral obligations, not specially recognised by Socialism. It shows religion as an active force, and as needful to man's welfare. Both aim at material improvements, but Spiritualism insists on moral and spiritual principles, and their application and development individually and collectively.

Now let us one and all try to realise that for which we pray: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." Rouse up from lethargic sleep. "Dare great things for God," then can we "expect great things from God." Let "all who love unite for service to all who suffer," and in labour for the good of others realise the truth of the saying, "He that would save his own life shall lose it, but he that would lose his life for my sake, the same shall find it." The way may be hard, the path long and tedious, but all through life's battle the gallant soldier will be guided from on high, will be sustained by loving angel friends.

And on the compact ranks,  
With accessions ever waiting, with the places of the dead quickly filled,  
Thro' the battle, thro' defeat, moving yet and never stopping.

Pioneers! O pioneers!

O to die advancing on!

Are there some of us to droop and die, has the hour come?  
Then upon the march we fittest die, soon and sure the gap is filled.  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Lo, the darting bowling orb!

Lo, the brother orbs around, all the clustering suns and planets,  
All the dazzling days, all the mystic nights with dreams,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

These are of us; they are with us,  
All for primal needed work, while the followers there in embryo wait behind,  
We to-day's procession heading, we the route for travel clearing,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

• Walt Whitman, "Leaves of Grass."



Not for delectations sweet,  
Not the cushion and the slippers, not the peaceful and the studious,  
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?  
Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? Have they locked and bolted  
doors?  
Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground.  
Pioneers! O pioneers.

But though the way be rough, and the battle fiercely  
contested, rest assured that God will aid the Right, and  
Burns was inspired to write:

You see yon birkie called a lord,  
Who struts and stares and a' that;  
Though hundreds worship at his word  
He's but a coof for a' that.  
For a' that and a' that,  
His Riband, Star, and a' that,  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that.  
Then let us pray that come it may—  
As come it will for a' that—  
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth  
May bear the gree and a' that.  
For a' that and a' that,  
It's coming yet for a' that—  
That man to man the world o'er  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

### THE BURST BUBBLE OF MAHATMAISM.

By D. GOW.

THE misfortune which has overtaken our Theosophic friends in the exposure of one of their leading lights has resulted, as might be expected, in much that is curious and amusing in the tactics of their various bodies. Naturally many of them (including the gifted lady who is at the head of their movement) have gone too far to be able to make a complete *volte face* now. So much pompous proclamation of certain exclusive revelations, so much self-assurance, and self-assertion, so much affectation of contemptuous pity for other less pretentious investigators into the realm of the unseen is not to be easily cast aside and slurred over in the hour of theosophic humiliation. Many of the leaders of Mahatmaism may be said in their self-confidence to have practically "burnt their bridges and destroyed their boats." There is no going back, publicly at any rate. But amid the cries of indignation and remonstrance, of doubt, hesitation, and embarrassment that rise up from their camp there are mingled certain notes of a character that cannot fail to strike the impartial observer. "Theosophy," we are told by some of the more sophisticated Theosophists, "is independent of the existence of Mahatmas. It rests upon its truths and principles." There is an ingenuousness—a *naivete* about this pronouncement that is perfectly staggering. Theosophy without its Mahatmas! Surely, Spiritualism without its spirits. "Hamlet," with the title rôle left out, would be but feebly analagous to this position of matters. We make bold to think that a philosophy which, even with its Himalayan prophets and law-givers, was characterised as a "bundle of half-baked metaphysical theories," becomes now, when denuded of its mythical Thibetan monitors, a spectacle of mournful evisceration. It was a mournful gospel at the best—"religion" without its consolations, mysticism without its enlightenment, and materialism without its science." Its cynical doctrine of Karma, its dreary eschatology, its conception of the soul automatically emerging from the universal impersonal mind into consciousness, and thence, after a series of painful incarnations, returning inconsequently into the impersonal life of the universe—what warrant had these teachings other than the *dicta* of the so-called Masters? And now that the existence of these "Masters" is rendered more than dubious by recent revelations, what is left for Theosophy? Its "truths and principles" are no more its exclusive inheritance than air and sunlight. Its fatuous attempts to conserve its more esoteric teachings—a sort of philosophic Toryism—have only served to render it ridiculous in the past, and now that the fictitious basis of these teachings is disclosed its position is far from enviable. But its unhappy downfall is all in the line of the world's experience and progress, and while we may smile at the catastrophe, we must think kindly of its victims, for they have afforded us what is undoubtedly a valuable object lesson.

### INSPIRATION.

ALL doctrines based upon Scriptures of doubtful authority, must themselves be doubtful. Theologians have mostly declined to discuss this question, to even admit a doubt of the fullness and completeness of the inspiration under which the Scriptures were written. To any criticism of a doctrine, the answer always is: "To the law and to the testimony." The meaning of the words might be debated, but the words were held to be divine, and what the words really meant, was held to be certainly true. Step by step as students advance doubts have crept in; this passage, hitherto held to be literal, must be considered allegorical or symbolic; that story must be a myth; the explanation of this apparent contradiction is not satisfactory; that doctrine seems to be taught, and it cannot be true; this wording does not agree with plainly observed facts in nature. Thus, by careful, reverent study of the Bible, many prominent teachers have come to reject parts of the Bible; have found things that they judge are not inspired, presupposing always that inspiration insures truth. "The Bible was not intended to teach science," cry the defenders. "Was it intended to teach false science?" is asked. "If the book be perfect, should anything false be found in it?" and the answer is usually a vague allusion to what would be understood by the people of the age in which the story was written. This is an acknowledgment of weakness, for it assumes that the divine spirit was limited in expression by the organism it controlled. The tendency of careful study of the Bible for years past has been toward a denial of its plenary inspiration, while a consciousness of this has made the doubters vociferous in assertion of its reality and completeness. There is a noticeable change apparent now. The *Congregationalist* declared that "sanctified common-sense" must declare what Scripture is. This relegates the whole question of what is divine in the Bible to "sanctified common-sense," whatever that may be; and as there is no way of classifying the quality of the common-sense, it leaves the Bible to stand, not on intrinsic worth, but on the perception of its worth that any reader may have.

Can inspiration insure a true utterance, uncorrupted by the organism expressing it? If they would only settle that, much bootless discussion might be saved. For, if inspiration cannot do this, the Bible may be inspired in every part, and not be infallibly true. To Spiritualists the question is plain and clear—as a matter of fact, Inspiration does not insure absolute accuracy. Not only this, it seems to them, after collating all accessible facts, that an inspiration which should be absolutely true, at least as to its expression, is impossible, owing to the modified influence always exerted by the organism through which it comes. That is the point to which their common-sense has led them. Perhaps their common-sense is not "sanctified" enough; it would be well if the clergy would, instead of steadily assuming that plenary inspiration is undoubtedly true, tell the waiting world how they know it to be true, and what, if anything, can prevent a true utterance?

### THE BLIND MAN'S FLOWER.

Still it grows on the hill beside the stream,  
With tints of lowliest kind,  
Unfurling its leaves as the morning beam  
Diffuses the dews behind.  
It has grown for years 'mong the silken grass,  
With a sweet smile for each hour,  
And 'tis oft we hear as the people pass,  
"Oh! yonder's the blind man's flower."  
Do they think it naught that he loves to smell,  
And feel in his walks by day,  
When led by his own dear child, named Nell,  
Along on the lone highway?  
They will sit for hours by that flower so sweet,  
And talk of the things to see  
In the land of bliss, where the angels meet,  
And sing for eternity.

It is loved by all, no one cares to crush  
The bloom that has charms for one,  
With its silken leaves and its crimson blush,  
For the world to gaze upon.  
It will lose its hue as days roll by,  
And the rough winds shake the bower,  
Then our eyes will look on the autumn's dye,  
And think of the blind man's flower.

West Felton.

W. E. BARNES.



## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR TO ALL.

No Reports for next week owing to New Year holiday.

We shall give the title page and index next week—no reports. "BASIL'S QUEST" began in No. 368. We shall be pleased to supply the three issues preceding this for 4d. post free, to enable new readers to understand the story.

WANTED—More orders for Gott's 10s. 6d., trousers, to measure, they are most marvellous value. Add to your income by taking up agency for this popular line.

HOLIDAY NUMBER.—We have printed a few hundred extra copies of this issue, believing that when our friends read it they will want to purchase additional copies to give away. Order at once.

THE "TWO WORLDS" has been greatly improved by the addition of a nicely toned cover and seems to be making rapid headway under the persevering editorship of Mr. E. W. Wallis. As a spiritualist organ it is both interesting, varied and what is most important, thoroughly straightforward.—*The Key*.

"DR. CAROLUS: PHYSICIAN," a novel, price 2s. 6d., issued from the Psychic Press Publishing Co., Central Chambers, South Castle-street, Liverpool, comes to hand just as we go to press. From a hasty glance it looks as if it will be interesting reading, but we will give a fuller notice in our next issue.

WANTED.—All those who have not tried Gott's Lot 11, containing 1 Pair Blankets, 1 Pair Sheets, 1 Quilt, and 1 Table Cloth, all for 21s., carriage paid, to do so. It is a treat.

AS A RULE, I believe the greatest manifestations of a physical-force nature are produced by beings on the lowest plane of spiritual existence—earth spirits; dwellers on the threshold; unhappy souls that have been foully thrust out of this life; spirits that have not passed far into the interior of life, but who remain materialised and ponderable, dense, dark as the mere dregs of this life that have sunk to the bottom, compared with the happier, higher souls that ascend and rarify, even as matter does in proportion as it rises toward the light.—*GERALD MASSEY*.

LEND A HAND.—We cut the following from the *Banner of Light*; it applies equally well to the *Two Worlds*:—It is the duty of every Spiritualist to assist in supporting the *Banner* as a principle. The *Banner* is most needful and valuable for the reason that it keeps all in touch with the great work now going on throughout the world for the help of Spiritualism. It makes co-operation between reader and paper, consequently sympathy and growth. It broadens and deepens spiritual life as no other agency can. An intelligent Spiritualist can always be recognised by the closeness of his intimacy with his weekly paper.

WHAT MAY BE BEST for one people in one place at special times may not be advisable for and beneficial to another people at another place. Human nature must be taken and uplifted as it is, and no utopian method, however grand and sublime, will fit into the needs of all sorts of people. While test work is inferior to that of inspiration, and necessarily so—the controls not only differing but the character of the work reaching more closely the earth-plane, and entering more fully into the general or ordinary commonplace life of humanity—it is sometimes necessary, and mediums should follow the inspirations as they are given.—*Banner of Light*.

THE HAND OF MAN, more wonderful than any machine ever dreamt of, the hand of man, which thinks as it works, and adds continually to that which the brain has conceived, creating as it goes along, is reclaiming its proper place, and demanding its emancipation from mere machine-tending. The brain of man, even that of the working man, is claiming that it shall have time and energy to spend upon life itself, and not alone upon the means of life. And man himself, Man in the lump—so far as the progressive races are concerned, at least—is rising to the consciousness of something higher than the production of marketable wares.

DOES NOT ALL EXPERIENCE show the necessity of keeping control over the mental and moral bias of our thoughts, so that we may fulfil the natural use of our powers in a healthful and happy manner? Do not pain and misery re-act and discipline men into knowledge and conformity to natural law? Does not true happiness result from self-regulated lives by the wise application of knowledge? Reflections on the conditions men set up by their thoughts and actions will prove that unless we get control over and temperately employ our appetites and propensities, disease and misery are the consequences of our infractions of nature's laws.

PLANCHETTE WRITING.—*The New Weekly* for Dec. 1 published an interview with Mr. David Bispham, who recently performed at Covent Garden as Falstaff in Verdi's opera, in the course of which the following interesting statements were made:—"I was not sure what to do—whether to go on the operatic stage or devote myself entirely to the concert platform. Then a strange thing happened. Advice from the spirits. 'What! A precipitated message from an ancestor?' 'It's a good guess. A friend of mine consulted Planchette for me.' 'Who is he?' 'It's not a 'he'; it's an 'it'—a Spiritualist arrangement. It's a sort of little machine; you lay your hands quite passively on it and it writes—it is supposed by some supernatural agency. My friend consulted Planchette. The machine wrote down these parts—Kurwenal in 'Tristan and Isolde,' Beckmesser in 'Meistersinger,' and Wolfram in 'Tannhauser.' Further, it told me to pay attention to the operas of Verdi. Curiously enough, those were the next parts I played; but neither nor my friend had any idea of what was going to happen when Planchette was consulted." "Did you take any serious notice of Planchette?" "I ought, perhaps, to say I received advice on similar lines from Professor Herkomer and Madame Melba. I set about studying the roles mentioned by Planchette, and it was a very good thing I did. Some time after I was called on by Sir Augustus Harris to play Kurwenal in consequence of the illness of a German singer, at two days' notice. It would have been utterly impossible for me to have undertaken it at such short notice if I had not been prepared by previous study."

FOR THE Christmas and boxing day tea parties see last week's *Two Worlds*.

SITTING WITH A CLERGYMAN, the spirit of a child he had "lost" came to him. The child had been born deaf and dumb. The message given was, "You will hear his little echo soon." The clergyman clasped his hands and exclaimed that was the only word the child ever spoke; it continually moved about the house saying, "E-co!" I received a message once to Robert Chambers from a child he had "lost," and I asked for a test to prove the verity of the communication. This was the answer, "Tell him pa love!" I have before me the letter of Robert Chambers, in which he writes to me: "These were the last words the child said when she was dying in my arms."—S. C. HALL.

The *Unknown World* for December is above the average. It has broadened out somewhat, and become of more general interest. The best thing in the present number is an article by Mr. J. A. Campbell, "A Natural Science in Its Relations to a Natural Mysticism," which is, in effect, a protest against the crass materialism of the age, and the popular tendency to identify ideas with their external forms. The editorial paragraphs, under the title "Within and Without," betrays the usual keenness of observation and impartiality of judgment. From our own point of view there is still room for a little more of human interest and contemporary criticism, although as a record of the loftier and more erudite phases of thought in regard to mysticism and cognate teachings it leaves little to be desired.

## CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Gazes meet, though parted far,  
Fixed upon the same clear star:  
For the star of love shines bright  
O'er our lives in radiant light:  
In its glad rays hearts meeting  
Whisper low their Christmas greeting,  
And the spirit hovering near,  
Breathe it to our listening ear

MILlicent PETSCHLER.

Stamford Hill, Christmas, 1894.

A BAND OF KINDNESS PROPOSED.—"An idea has been floating through my mind that if a Band of Kindness could be formed in our progressive order it might develop into a great work and its influence be very far reaching. Members pledging themselves to (at least) one act of kindness daily, those little thoughtful acts which cost us so little, and yet often mean so much to those on whom they are bestowed. The advantage of pledging ourselves to this, and having a card of membership would be stimulative, we are so apt to do these things spasmodically, but having pledged ourselves we should feel under an obligation. The habit once formed would remain with us, and bring a twofold blessing. 'Gentle words and kindly deeds are never thrown away,' and it is surprising how opportunities of doing kindly deeds present themselves to willing hearts."—*HOPEFUL*.—*Carlisle*.

A FRENCH SPIRITUALIST BEFORE HER AGE.—The "Review of Reviews" for December contains the following notice of a Frenchwoman whose career will be less puzzling to Spiritualists than it appears to have been to her contemporaries. The celibate element was, of course, due to her Roman Catholic training, acting upon a temperament of exaltation, or what would probably have been, under favouring circumstances, the higher mediumship, and it is a common condition of such temperaments in Catholic—and, in a less degree, in Protestant—countries. "Antoinette Bourignon, a visionary mystic of the seventeenth century, who possessed at one time a European reputation greater in her day than that of Madame Guyon in hers, was, in a recent number of the 'Revue de Paris,' the subject of an analytical article by M. Reinach. Comparatively little has ever been published on this French St. Theresa, who, at the age of four, inquired of those around her the whereabouts of 'the country where real Christians grow,' and who at the age of eighteen put on record the first of her 'talks with God.' Antoinette's parents were bourgeois of Lille, who, far from approving her special sanctity, determined to get her married early. Terrified at this prospect, on Easter Day, 1636, this girl of twenty secretly left the city attired in a hermit's robe she had made for herself and sought a desert, but after various adventures she had to reluctantly return home, not, however, before her parents had promised to respect her single-life vocation. Antoinette at one time of her strange existence became Superioress of an orphanage, but her mystical teachings so worked on the imagination of her young flock that soon each child declared herself possessed by the devil, and Antoinette had to call in the ecclesiastical authorities to save herself from those who alternately denounced her as witch and fraud. In 1668, after much hesitation as to the wisdom of going into a Protestant country, she came to live in Amsterdam, being led to do so by the counsels of her celestial advisers, who told her that 'Salvation does not depend on small differences in religion, but on the love of God and virtue ordaining that we must love those practising the right whatever may be their exterior form of belief.' Henceforth she was known as the Amsterdam vision, and was pursued in turn by the Lutherans and the Jesuits. During the last years of her life the poor woman was hunted about from corner to corner of Europe like a wild beast, and she finally died in Switzerland on October 30th, 1680, in direct poverty, and discredited even among her former disciples. Some years after her death a revival of her peculiar doctrines took place, notably in Scotland, where some of her works were translated and eagerly read. Dr. Cockburn, a famous divine, wrote a lengthy book against her followers, entitled 'Bourignonism Detected,' but this, however, made no impression on those who hailed in her a prophetic, and believed in the inspiration of her writings. On love and the relation of the sexes, Antoinette Bourignon was, strangely enough, a precursor of Auguste Comte, although the one understood life as a Christian visionary and the other was totally devoid of any religious belief. Antoinette never admitted that women need suffer any of the disabilities not imposed upon them by nature, and claimed for her sex liberty of both public speech



and individual thought. "Men find it difficult to believe," she observed, "that the Holy Ghost can dwell equally at ease in the soul of a woman as in that of a man; but what difference there is between the sexes is wholly physical, and does not apply to the spiritual portion of each entity." On this and kindred subjects she wrote with considerable directness and freedom, and her works are interesting as examples of seventeenth century mysticism. "I do not know anything of this mystic's system, but Spiritualists will recognise the doctrine that the obligation to practise the right is paramount over all theoretical opinions. The fact of Antoinette's little orphans thinking themselves possessed by the devil is an instructive comment on the theological teaching then, and even yet, given to children. France does not seem to have been a favourable soil for the development of maidens who heard voices, but most countries have been alike in stoning—or burning—the prophets. The 'famous divines' have had it their own way, until humanity would tolerate that way no longer, and it is still left for Spiritualists to spread abroad the teaching that 'practising the right' is religion, and that neither in one church nor in another do men exclusively worship the Father.—AVJAY.

THAT THERE ARE different phases of spiritual mediumship and different degrees of power, gift or proficiency in the work we all acknowledge, and we may give due credit to each without the slightest reflection upon or interference with the other. No matter how small the gift or development, however, if persons are only honest and sincere in their work they will receive due recognition, and should be encouraged to persevere, not to show off beyond their wonted powers, but to impart whatever may be given to them, and let others do the same, without exciting any feeling of jealousy, by way of comparison. Our mediums should form one harmonious family, and be able to unite for a common purpose when opportunity offers. It is not our province to speak of the special powers of the mediums in detail, but let all who have the gift developed remember that they still are human and must stand upon their own merits, even if selected to perform specific work, as they cannot shirk personal accountability. While desiring to see all true mediums encouraged, it must not be understood that the fact of a medium's card appearing in advertising columns, gives said card an endorsement, unless so specified. We have no more use for frauds or pretenders in mediumship than in any other business, but it is not our place to censure or condemn any without evidence. When that evidence is clear, it is a shame that a cause so noble and soul-reaching should be disgraced in the eyes of the world, and when such exposure is made it should be for our future credit and protection. We have no such cases to note although we hear them spoken of—and simply make explanation, trusting that all good mediums will see the justice of our position.—*Pacific Coast Spiritualist*.

#### PLAN OF SPEAKERS FOR JANUARY, 1895.

##### YORKSHIRE UNION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

- ARMLEY.—6, Mrs. Craven; 13, Miss Walton; 20, Mr. Barraclough; 27, Mr. B. Gledstone.
- BATLEY CARR.—6, Mrs. Armitage; 13, Open; 20, Mr. J. Armitage; 27, Mr. J. Collins.
- BATLEY.—6, Miss Walton; 13, Yorkshire Union Quarterly Conference; 20, Mrs. Armitage; 27, Mr. W. Ripley.
- BATLEY.—Temperance Hall.—6, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall; 13, Local Speakers; 20, Mr. Walker; 27, Mr. Crossley.
- BRADFORD.—Milton.—6, Mr. B. Gledstone; 13, Mrs. Campion; 20, Mr. Williamson; 27, Mr. J. Parker.
- BRADFORD.—Little Horton.—6, Mrs. Stairs; 13, Mr. B. Gledstone; 20, Mr. J. Foulds; 27, Mrs. Armitage.
- BRADFORD.—Otley Road.—6, Mr. J. Armitage; 13, Mr. Marsden; 20, Mrs. Stretton; 27, Mr. W. Hopwood.
- BRADFORD.—Temperance Hall.—No report.
- BOYNTON STREET.—6, Lyceum day; 13, Mrs. Levitt; 20, Mrs. Ellis; 27, Mr. J. H. Barraclough.
- BRIGHOUSE.—6, Mr. R. A. Brown; 13, Mr. Rooke; 20, Mr. J. B. Tetlow; 27, Mr. Geo. Newton.
- CLECKHEATON.—6, Oddfellows' Hall, opening day, various speakers; 13, Mr. F. Colbeck; 20, Mr. B. Gledstone; 27, Open.
- DEWSBURY.—6, Miss Patefield; 13, Mrs. Beanland; 20, Mrs. W. Stansfield; 27, Mrs. Beardshall.
- ELLAND.—6, Mrs. Crossley; 13, Mr. J. Sidebottom; 20, Mr. H. Crossley; 27, Mr. J. Smithson.
- HALIFAX.—6 and 7, Mrs. Berry; 13 and 14, Mr. Swindlehurst; 20, Mr. G. Newton; 27 and 28, Madame Henry.
- HUDDESFIELD.—6, Mrs. Brooks; 13, Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves; 20, Mr. J. Smithson; 27, Miss Thorpe.
- KEIGHLEY.—Lyceum.—6, Mr. F. Colbeck; 13, Mrs. Armitage; 20, Mrs. Ingham; 27, Mrs. Campion.
- KEIGHLEY.—Temple.—No report.
- MORLEY.—6, Mr. J. H. Barraclough; 13, Mr. T. Hodgson; 20, Mr. J. T. Todd; 27, Mr. Frank Colbeck.
- NORMANTON.—6, Mrs. Griffin; 13, Mrs. France; 20, Mr. S. Featherstone; 27, Mrs. Beanland.
- SHIPLEY.—6, Mrs. Stretton; 13, Lyceum Day; 20, Mrs. Whittingham; 27, Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves.
- WEST VALE.—6, Miss Hunter; 13, Mr. Postlethwaite; 20, Mr. Frank Colbeck; 27, Locals.
- WINDHILL.—6, Mr. J. Firth; 13, Mrs. Bentley; 20, Miss Walton; 27, Mrs. Kendall.
- YEADON.—6, Mrs. Whittingham; 13, Mr. Collins; 20, Mr. W. Ripley; 27, Miss Hunter.

Next meeting of the Union Delegates, Speakers and hon. members on the Quarterly Conference Day (movable) at Batley, Jan. 13. Particulars next week.

MR. A. WILKINSON, 5, Addison-street, Accrington (late of Haslingden), is now booking dates for Lime Light Exhibitions of all kinds, including Spirit Photography, etc. Write early.

WANTED.—Every person who can afford to send a New Year's present to a poor friend to consider for a moment if there is anything that would be more useful than Gott's parcel Lot 11. It is good both in quality and value.

#### DIRECTIONS TO INVESTIGATORS.

BY ADIN BALLOU.

FIRST published in 1852, clearly set forth the attitude of intelligent experience prevailing at the time toward the phenomena, and are as valuable now as then:—

1. Be not ashamed, nor afraid, nor unwilling to embrace truth, come whences or how it may.
2. Respect your own senses and judgment enough to trust them decently.
3. Procure all the credible testimony you can, in print and otherwise, concerning spirit manifestations ancient and modern, weigh it deliberately at home, and be in no haste to examine cases until you can have good opportunities; then improve them.
4. Hold sittings with no medium whom you believe morally capable of trick. *Confide or refrain.*
5. Have few persons present, and none but candid, sensible and well behaved ones.
6. Be serious, deliberate, frank, and unaffected; propose what tests you please, but abstain from all pettifoggery, lawyerism, pertinacity and over-urgency; be content with such developments as come freely, and set everything down for what it is worth. You may desire much and get little. Remember that you are not required to give credit for more than you receive, nor to take chaff for wheat.
7. Take care not to overtax the nervous energy of the medium by long sittings, nor undue excitement.
8. Take notes of all important phenomena and incidents.
9. Accept or reject, or hold in doubt, what purports to come from departed spirits, for what would be sufficient reasons if it came from spirits in the flesh. This must be the standing rule.
10. Treat all persons concerned, whether departed or undeveloped spirits, as enjoined in the golden rule; and if there be evil overcome it with good. Be uniformly just, considerate, and kind.

These are directions for honest, sensible, common people. By such they can be understood and followed. And no one who decently observes them will fail of success and moral profit in the investigation of these phenomena. As to those uncommon people, who cannot or will not conform to such directions, they must stand or fall to their own master. The truth will never bend to their crookedness, whether it be natural or artificial.

"Solid honesty, common sense and a decent judgment, are indispensable requisites to the investigation of all subjects of considerable importance, even in the ordinary affairs of life. This demands no higher qualifications. Common people are presumed to possess these. It is only uncommon people that are greatly deficient in them—those who are so low as to remind one of the monkey and the ass, or so high in the sophistications of artificial culture as to despise the virgin one of Truth. To these nothing is valuable but what has gone through the crucible, the retort and the entire laboratory; and come out in a state of polished manufacture. The former cannot treat this subject worthily; the latter will not. Such are not to be ranked among common people. They are either below or above that honorable grade. Men and women who are relied on for sterling honesty and good sense, in the graver matters of ordinary life, are the people to investigate this matter. Let them look into it and report the facts, as they do in other matters referred to their consideration by their neighbours. And then let their report have the weight commonly given to their testimony and judgment by those who know them. This is all the spirit manifestations demand to insure a fair understanding of their merits. This is all that common people need in order to eschew delusion and derive substantial moral profit from them."

"It is the imperative duty of every human being to exercise his own powers, faculties, reason and judgment, with modesty, humility and firmness, and not to be overawed, borne down, or led away captive by any assuming spirit, in or out of the flesh. Every one is accountable for himself, and ought both to judge and act for himself, with supreme reverence for God and his moral perfections, according to his own highest convictions of truth and duty. Thus he should examine the Bible and all books. Thus all human governments, authorities, powers, constitutions, laws, customs, usages, in Church and State. Thus try all spirits and their communications—all pretended prophets, philosophers and teachers—all professions and assumptions whatsoever. No one should imperiously dictate, or cower down before another. But truth, rectitude, reason and the suasion of wisdom should alone sway the minds of moral agents."

PHANTASMS, by Wirt Gerrare (price, 3s. 6d. net), is the title of a new book, cloth bound and well printed, dealing with apparitional appearances, illustrating posthumous personality, and character. The stories are original, and should be acceptable. At this season of the year the book is likely to have a large sale. We shall give a more extended notice next week.

#### REVISED VERSION.

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead thou me on;  
Thy glory gleams, though I am far from home,  
Lead thou me on.  
Keep thou my feet, e'en though my eyes may see  
The distant scene, as yet too bright for me.  
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
Should'st lead me on;  
I thought I knew the path of right, but now  
Lead thou me on.  
I loved the beaten track, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years]  
But now thy power has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
To join at morn the blest angelic host,  
Which I have known of late and love the most. —T



## THE TWO WORLDS.

*The People's Popular Penny Spiritual Paper.*

SPECIAL TERMS. A trial subscription of 2s. 6d. will entitle new readers to receive the *TWO WORLDS* post free for 24 weeks.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1894.

EDITOR AND GENERAL MANAGER,

E. W. WALLIS.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COMPANY'S REGISTERED OFFICE, AT 73A, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.

### DEATH'S DESPAIR AND LIFE'S JOYOUS SURPRISE.

POETS are often prophets. They also sing us strains which reflect the varying experiences and moods of humanity. The tendency of latter-day writers towards the spiritual interpretation of the facts of life is nowhere more conspicuous than in the best modern poetry, but at times we get the cry of sadness and despair. How pitiful and infinitely sad the thought presented in the following lines:—

O, grief is the sorest of human pain,  
When we cry, and cry, but our cry is vain,  
For those who never can come again.  
But nature cares not for human woe,  
For the ages come and the ages go,  
And the flowers that are fallen no more shall blow,  
And never shall hope celestial come  
To my weary heart; since thy beauty's bloom  
Is sullied and blurred in the grasping tomb.

Douglas B. Hart.

If the above were true we could do no other than accept the inevitable with what resignation we could muster, but how heavy the burdens of life would grow, and how narrow the path of consciousness we should then tread!

Is it strange that we intuitively feel that beyond the boundaries of the seemingly real world of the senses there lies another and a fairer land?

For ever am I conscious, moving here,  
That should I step a little space aside,  
I pass the boundary of some glorified  
Invisible domain—it lies so near!  
Yet nothing know we of that dim frontier  
Which each must cross, whatever fate betide,  
To reach the heavenly cities where abide  
(Thus sorrow whispers) those that were most dear,  
Now all transfigured in celestial light!  
Shall we indeed behold them, thine and mine,  
Whose going hence made black the noonday sun?  
Strange is it that across the narrow night  
They fling us not some token, or make sign  
That all beyond is not oblivion.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Indeed it would be strange if it were true that they "fling no token that all beyond is not oblivion!" The poet voices the yearning of the heart of love for light on the path, and in affirming the strangeness that the departed do not give evidence of their presence indicates how natural and desirable it is that they should make signs and fling out tokens to us, as so many of them undoubtedly do, but we poor dwellers amid the mists and shadows are too wrapped up in our griefs or our "gains," our ambitions or our sensuous pleasures to discern their signs or listen for their signals. Far too often it is only when death has taken away our loved ones that we beat our hands against the walls of our prison and protest against the fate which shuts us in: only when we have lost them do we desire their return, and that too frequently because we selfishly wish them to comfort us, forgetting that possibly they may want comforting.

What a tragedy death would be if it were the end! As the Hon. A. B. Richmond truly says:—

A few hours since there lived in this inanimate body a wonderful intellect. There learning had a home, and poetry and music an abiding place. There eloquence clothed thought in its splendid drapery. There vaulting ambition sought new worlds to conquer, while philanthropy planned to better the condition of mankind. There joy smiled in unison with pleasure, and sorrow wept in sympathy with suffering and woe. There benevolence gave in kindness, and avarice coveted more. There love beamed forth in kindly glances, or hatred frowned defiantly. There memory registered the words, forms, and faces of loved ones long since passed away. There hope had kindled its inextinguishable fire, and faith fanned its flame with gentle wing.

But now there is no more any thought, hope, love, or desire in that prostrate form. What loss—irreparable ruin—is represented here if this marble-like form is

all that is left of the being we loved and who loved us. Sir Edwin Arnold's words are so beautiful and so pathetic that they touch the heart at once.

"She is dead," they said to him, "Come away!"  
"Kiss her, and leave her! Thy love is clay."

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair,  
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair.

Over her eyes which gazed too much,  
They drew the lids with a tender touch.

With a tender touch, they closed up well,  
The sweet, thin lips, that had secrets to tell.

About her brows and beautiful face,  
They tied her veil and her marriage lace.

And drew on her white feet, the white silk shoes,  
Which were the whiter, no eye could choose.

And over her bosom they crossed her hands,  
"Come away!" they whispered, "God understands."

And then there was silence, and nothing then,  
But the silence, and scents of eglantine,

And jasmine and roses and rosemary,  
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she!"

And they held their breath as they left the room,  
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But, as Ingersol has said, so long as the lips of love kiss the lips of death the idea of Immortality will be borne in the human heart, and like the bridegroom in Edwin Arnold's poem who, because he loved his bride, was not afraid of death, the heart will ever question the

Cold lips and breast without breath,  
Is there no voice—no language of Death?

Dumb to the ear and still to the sense  
But to heart and to soul, distinct, intense?

See, now! I listen with soul, not ear,  
What was the secret of dying, Dear?

I would tell you, darling, if I were dead  
And 't were your hot tears upon my face shed.

In most beautiful lines the poet proceeds to question was the wonder greatest that she could ever let Life's flower fall? or to feel the perfect calm o'er the agony steal? to find how deep beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep? Did life roll back its record, and show all things clear? or

Was it the innermost heart of the bliss  
To find out so, what a wisdom, Love is?

Oh perfect Dead! O! Dead most dear,  
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

He asks which was

Of all the surprises that dying must bring,  
The very strangest and suddenest thing,

But the world is foolish, and death most kind. In, all the mad, blind, imprisoned foolish world who will believe that he heard her say in her sweet, soft voice in the dear old way, the utmost wonder is this—

I hear  
And see you and love you and kiss you, dear;  
And I am your angel, who was your bride,  
And know that though dead—I have never died!

That is the great cause of wonder and awe to those who, fearing death, go down into the valley of shadow with dread; or, expecting no hereafter, fall asleep as they suppose for ever, only to awake and find that "though dead they never have died." The year dies, but time goes on; the tissues die, but consciousness continues; old thoughts fail, but new and larger ones take their places—death is everywhere—but it indicates only the absence of the accustomed life, the withdrawal of the animating spirit, which, like matter and force, is self-existent, uncaused, and indestructible—aye, is the cause of motion, and organisation. We know that all emotions, thoughts, and states of consciousness are not parts of the physical body, nor the product of the potentialities of matter of which it is composed. While they are all governed by immutable laws, yet they are not of the material world, for they have none of the attributes of its ponderable elements, and therefore must belong to the realm of thought, or empire of conscious intellect, the province of Spirit. Spirit people are our friends or foes who have entered into life on the spiritual plane, from whence they can yet communicate with kindred spirits in their former home and birthplace, and where the infinite mind that pervades the universe has imparted to them a portion of its own being; the priceless prerogative of immortality.



# SUPPLEMENT TO THE TWO WORLDS.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1894.

## O'ER SEA AND LAND.

(FOUNDED UPON FACT.)

BY J. J. MORSE.

Author of "Righted by the Dead," "Wilbram's Wealth," "Cursed by the Angels," "Two Lives and their Work," etc.

THE tide of commercial depression that flowed through the United Kingdom in 1878 caused the B—town mills to run half-time. This meant privation for the thriftless and extra carefulness even for the thrifty. The reduction of working hours had been in effect for a month, and at the time this story opens the operatives were earnestly speculating as to when full time would be resumed. B—town was celebrated merely for its iron mills, and to that extent was of importance "on 'change," and in commercial *Gazettes and Journals*. It had its Mechanics' Institute, a public library, its parish church, and the usual dissenting congregations. Its inhabitants were neither better nor worse than the average of such people. Ministerial teaching was, as usual, confined to assisting its recipients to live hereafter; and having none to direct them how best to live life here, it must be confessed that most of B—town's hardy toilers made not too great a success from their advantages and possessions.

In the home that most concerns us commendable efforts had always been made to maintain comfort and happiness. It was ever clean and neat without and within. Flowers were in the trim beds of the front garden and at the windows of the house. The voice of song from a family of canaries rang out blithely upon the summer air, while, basking in the sunshine, a pretty, tortoise shell cat and a mild-eyed collie dog gave to the home an air of content that was in singular contrast to many others thereabouts. The owner of this happy little home was Ralph Masters, and every day, on his return from the mills, his loving helpmeet, Jennie, and their little daughter, Amy, gave him a greeting that made him forget the labours and fatigues of his daily toil.

On the evening we first meet Ralph he returns home with a sad face, for he has bad news. His wife, with a woman's intuition, divines there is something amiss, but wise tactician as she is, makes no allusion to her fears, but, instead, nimbly prepares the evening meal, and in the many little ways that mean so much in making up life's happiness, busies herself about her husband's needs.

The evening meal disposed of, pushing his chair back from the table, Ralph said:

"It's no use, Jennie. Work is going to be almost impossible for the winter. They have posted a notice that from Monday next the mill will only run until the jobs on hand are done."

"That is sad news indeed for us all."

"Yes, my girl, it is sad news. But the worst of it is that there's no chance of getting aught to do anywhere else, for our trade is dull all over. I do not think the mills will start again for many a month to come."

"Well, Ralph, what is to become of the poor families that depend upon the mills? If your fears turn out correct it will mean the workhouse for many a one!"

"Your're right, Jennie, it will that; but we, too, must be a-thinking of what's best for us. You know what I've often said about crossing the sea—"

"Oh! Ralph, don't talk of that!"

"Nay, old lady, don't you be alarmed, but just listen to me a bit. Something must be done, you know, if we are to keep our heads above water. You know Bob Borden, in the mills at W—city, in America. Bob always said to me, 'Ralph, if ever you think you would like to come over to us, come, and I'll do all I can to help you on.' Now, you know Bob is 'master mechanic,' as they call it over there, and I am determined, Jennie, to go over, as soon as our mills close, and get a place with him. I am told that workmen are thought better of in the 'States,' and can even live better than we can here."

"Well, that may be, Ralph, but it will be very hard to break up our happy little home here."

"Yes, it will be hard, but it would be harder to stay here and starve, and that's the only thing before us."

Two weeks after the foregoing conversation, the B—town mills "shut down," and so remained for the ensuing four years, at the end of which time three-parts of the population had deserted its smoky sheds, never to return again.

When the works closed, Ralph's stout-hearted little wife, having given a reluctant assent, the bulk of the cosy little home was sold, and Jennie, with little Amy, went to her father's home in one of the quiet little agricultural villages of the South of England; while full of earnestness and determination Ralph set out for the New World as a passenger on a big Cunarder bound for Boston.

## CHAPTER II.

### O'ER LAND.

In due season Ralph's uneventful voyage terminated and he was ashore in the new country. The city of W— is just some forty miles from the metropolis of New England. It was evening when the train deposited Ralph Masters at his journey's end, and he found Robert Borden's home was on the outskirts of the town. With anticipations of a pleasant reception from his old-time chum, he set out to find him, indulging in many a pleasant fancy as he walked onward. Already he saw himself at work, receiving good wages and full of hope, laying by a sum each week until enough was obtained to send over to bring his loved ones to him. He began to have great thoughts of political equality and indepen-

dence; saw himself rising in the social scale and becoming an honoured citizen in the land of the free. Having found his friend's house, he eagerly knocked at the door, which was opened by a little girl, whose tear-stained face bespoke some great distress. Ralph asked:

"Is this Mr. Borden's house?"

"Yes, sir," answered the child.

"Can I see him?"

"No, sir, for papa's dead!"

Poor Ralph was dumfounded at this statement, and Mrs. Borden, being summoned, explained, amid much distress, that her husband had passed from the trials of mortal life in the early dawn of that very day.

Of course Ralph could not remain in the house under prevailing circumstances, so, after taking a look at the mortal remains of his old friend, and promising to attend the funeral, he set out to find a lodging, where, after partaking of some food, he retired to his couch feeling very miserable indeed.

After the interment of his friend's remains, Ralph looked about for employment, first essaying to obtain it at the W— City Iron Works, but having no "friend at court," now his old companion was gone, he was met with the stereotyped reply, "No vacancies," at each attempt.

Several weeks rolled past, and employment seemed as far off as ever, so that it soon became a serious question of how food and shelter could be obtained. Needless to say that the hitherto cheerful Ralph became increasingly despondent, being, as he was, alone and in a strange country. He at last determined upon selling all his possessions that were not absolutely necessary, and with the money thus obtained in his pocket, set out to seek work in the iron districts further south. Weeks rolled past, and, at their close, he found himself in the ever smoky city of P—, but ill-fortune still pursued him; he could obtain no labour, while, being now penniless and almost in rags, he was reduced to the very verge of despair. It was nearly eight months since he had bidden farewell to his trustful wife, and up to now he had not written to her. For this, undoubtedly, he was blameworthy. But as she was safely housed beneath her father's roof, and he had left her enough to maintain herself and Amy for at least a year, he could not muster courage to tell her of his failures, disappointments and distress. He hoped yet ere the year was out to be able to tell her all was well.

One evening there was quite a commotion outside one of the large hotels in the main street of P—, for a ruffianly-looking fellow had made a desperate attack upon a man who was about entering the house. Luckily, Ralph, who was passing at the time, observed the attack, grappled with the gentleman's assailant, overpowered and bore him to the ground. The object of the attack was robbery, and the thief narrowly missed adding murder to the crime, for which he was ultimately imprisoned for a year. This incident was the turning point of Ralph's fortune, for the man whom he had so fortunately assisted offered him in return a position in the lumber-mills he owned in the State of Colorado, defraying his expenses thereto, and making him a present of a handsome sum wherewith to replenish his wardrobe.

Ralph Masters duly arrived at his new sphere of labour, and at once wrote to tell his wife all that had befallen him, urging her to wait a little longer, and he would then send her all that was needful to bring her to him. In the meantime he proved himself so able a mechanic, and excellent a man, that his strangely-made friend resolved upon taking him into partnership, feeling he would prove a valuable supervisor of the mechanical part of the undertaking—consequently the old sign at the mills was painted out, and the new one bore the names of "Lobody and Masters" when it was finished.

## CHAPTER III.

### O'ER SEA AND LAND.

We must return to the city of W— for a season now. In one of the quiet side streets a rather singular lady had rooms in a modest and unpretentious kind of house. She was chiefly remarkable for what seemed to be a dreamy, far-away sort of expression upon her features, which gave her a species of delicacy that, apparently, unfitted her to battle with the trials of our common lot. Yet the endurance she manifested in nursing the sick, seeking out the distressed, and accomplishing acts of benevolence, would have made many of her sturdier sisters feel ashamed as they compared their own efforts with hers. She was a widow; her husband had fallen upon the awful field of Gettysburg, in the hour of the nation's trial. Her pension, some modest aid from family sources, and a little derived from her profession, sufficed to maintain her in comparative comfort. Yes, she had a profession, the nature of which was variously described as that of a witch, fortune-teller, impostor, seer and medium. In simple fact, she was the possessor of that organic quality or gift that enabled her to be used as an open doorway between our world and the realms where are our dead. Marvellous tales were told concerning her, but not one whisper was ever raised against her character, which was above reproach. She had practiced in W— for several years, and was "patronised" by many of the "leading" people of the place, "under the rose," of course.

One bright morning in December, as Mrs. Clarkeston—the lady just described—stood looking from out her window, the voice of an unseen friend whom she had long known and trusted—her departed husband—whispered to her inner ear: "Go—to the—depôt—at once. I will—show—you—her. Bring—her—home—here. It—is—well."



Donning her walking garments, Mrs. Clarkeston at once departed, reaching the depot just as a train arrived. The travellers all dispersed, and she was thinking she had arrived too early, when, suddenly, she saw her husband standing by the side of a strange lady and child. She immediately hurried to them, and the stranger addressed her thus:

"Can you, ma'am, tell me where I can find Mr. Robert Borden?"

"Mr. Borden has been dead for some time now, and his widow has left the town," answered Mrs. Clarkeston. Seeing a look of mingled pain and anxiety pass over the stranger's countenance, Mrs. Clarkeston continued: "I see you are a stranger here; will you come to my rooms—they are near here—and perhaps I may be of some help to you?"

The trio then repaired to Mrs. Clarkeston's residence, and, after being rested and refreshed, the stranger—who, with her child, was no other than Jenny Masters and Amy—narrated how she had crossed the ocean to find her husband. She had waited and waited in hope of hearing from him, but month after month passed, and no tidings came. Her mother had sickened and died, and it then seemed that her husband's absence and silence became unsupportable, and at last she had crossed the waters only to fail at the very outset in discovering the slightest trace of him she sought, for Mrs. Clarkeston had never even heard of Ralph's visit to W—at the time of Robert Borden's death. All unknown to Jennie, Ralph's letter was quietly resting in her old home, three thousand miles away, having arrived there but three days after her departure.

Mrs. Clarkeston told her that perhaps, after all, her husband could be found, that her mother, even whose loss she mourned so deeply, might also be recovered, and in response to Jennie's looks of wonderment she explained to her how sometimes the seeming dead came to her, brushing aside the clouds of grief from the lives of despairing and sorrow-stricken ones, who had been bereft by death of the dearest treasures. And as she talked thus a deathly pallor spread over her features, her hands became icy cold, and with a long-drawn sigh she fell back in her chair, in what looked like a deathly swoon. To Jennie's wonderment, her new-found friend presently sat upright in her seat, and, extending her arms toward her, said, in strangely altered voice:

"Jennie! Jennie! my child. It is I. Do you know me? Your mother dear, your mother. I have come with you all the way from Thornbury. I brought you here, dear. For I have found Ralph. No, he is not here. He is miles, many, many miles from here; Weeping Hollow, Colorado, is the place. Write it down, Jennie, write it down, dear child. I am your mother, dear, Hannah Hingham. You thought I was lost; no, no, child, I am not lost; they did not bury me in the graveyard of St. James's. Bless you, dear." Then, piece by piece, to Jennie's utter astonishment again, the events that had befallen her husband were narrated down even to the letter that had arrived just after her departure. For two hours the medial instrument continued the channel for this wonderful communication, and deep and earnest was the conversation between the two women after the controlling power departed. The result was, that having every faith in the communication made through her, Mrs. Clarkeston advised Jennie to write a brief letter to the address given to her, and abide with her until an answer could be received. The letter was written and despatched, taking in due course four days to complete its journey. There could not be an answer returned under ten days at the soonest, so the anxious wife schooled herself to wait as patiently as she could. To their surprise, on the morning of the fifth day a telegraphic despatch from Denver, Colorado, was received, bidding her stay where she was until her husband could arrive. On new year's morning the fourth day after the receipt of the despatch, Jennie was again clasped in her husband's arms.

There is but little to add. Ralph explained all; was overwhelmed with surprise at Jennie's strange experiences, and from what he saw with Mrs. Clarkeston during his stay in W—, he is now a full believer in the truth that our dead are not so in truth, but are living still, and they can, as they did for him, trace out the parted and re-unite them, though their wanderings be never so devious.

#### O'ER SEA AND LAND.

MR. WESLEY gives in his journal an interview he had with the Indians when he came over to Georgia, in July, 1736. He says they told him:

"We talk of them (spirits) and to them, at home and abroad, in peace and in war, before and after we fight, and, indeed, whenever and wherever we meet together."

Again he says:

"Meeting with a Frenchman, of New Orleans, on the Mississippi, who lived several months among the Chickasaws, he gave us a full and particular account of many things which had been variously related. And hence he could not but remark what is the religion of nature, properly so-called, or that which flows from natural reason unassisted by revelation; and that even in those who have the knowledge of many truths, and who converse with their beloved ones (spirits) day and night."

Wesley, in his journal, page 364, states on the best human testimony:—

"A little before Michaelmas Day, 1743, my brother, who was a good young man, went to sea. The day after Michaelmas Day, about midnight, I saw him stand at my bedside surrounded with a glorious light and looking earnestly at me. That night the ship on which he sailed, split on a rock, and all the crew were drowned."

"On the 6th of April, 1767, about midnight, I was lying awake, and saw my brother John standing by my bedside, just at the time he died in Jamaica."

Mr. Wesley says, in a foot-note, "So a spirit finds no difficulty in travelling three or four thousand miles in a moment."

Page 369:

"On Friday, July 3, I was sitting at dinner, when I thought I heard someone coming along the passage. I looked about, and saw my aunt, Margaret Scott, of New Castle, standing at my back. On Saturday, I had a letter informing me that she died that day."

## THE STORM WITCH.

### A THRILLING STORY.

Most of the culprits tried for witchcraft in Orkney in the 17th century were poor old women. Janet Forsyth, known as the storm witch of Westray, was, however, an exception. When she was first accused of holding communication with the Evil One she was quite a young woman, about 20 years of age; and her biography, taken from the indictment upon which she was tried, reads more like fiction than a dry, musty, legal record of the actions of a witch. Janet, at the time our story commences, had a lover in the person of Benjamin Garrioch, a young farmer in the island of Westray. On both sides the love flame was strong as it was sincere; and yet their courtship did not run quite smoothly. Janet Forsyth was as great an adept at pouting and flirting as are the more modern daughters of Eve. Sometimes, therefore, she encouraged her lover's attentions, and sent him home the happiest man in the parish; but quite as frequently she treated him with the most perfect indifference, without any apparent reason.

#### HER WARNING DISREGARDED.

One fine summer morning in the beginning of July, 1627, Garrioch and three companions, when approaching the beach to go out for a sail, were met by Janet Forsyth, who pled with them not to put to sea that day. At first she would give no reason for her strange request, but finding that the young men were inclined to treat her interference as a joke, she began to urge her objections with greater force and vehemence. She told them that she had had a dream the previous night, from which she was certain that if they went out in the boat that day some dreadful calamity would befall them. Her lover pointed to the sea, on which there was not a ripple, also to the heavens, which were cloudless, and, in the hope of dispelling what he considered her groundless fears, playfully told her there were no tokens of danger there. When the boat was launched, however, and Garrioch was about to spring into it, his sweetheart threw her arms round his neck, kissed him, and made one last passionate appeal in the short and simple sentence, "Oh, don't leave me, Ben!" Then, as if feeling ashamed at her own weakness, and without giving Ben time to make answer, she ran up the bank and disappeared. This demonstration on the part of his sweetheart momentarily upset Garrioch, for hitherto she had been coy, shy, and reserved, rather than forward, impulsive or demonstrative, but the blood of the old Norse Vikings coursed through his veins. The sea had an irresistible attraction for him, and so, putting the fears of his sweetheart down to a nervous whim, his little boat was soon gliding out towards the Atlantic.

#### BOAT AND CREW NEVER RETURNED.

Fog, which is the hand-maiden of heat in those northern latitudes, speedily enveloped the island, so that Garrioch and his companions were apparently unable to find their way back again. Days, weeks, months, and years sped past, and the fate of the unfortunate men remained a mystery. It was at this period that Janet Forsyth first began to be suspected of witchcraft and sorcery. Her superstitious neighbours knew that she had foretold the disaster that was to befall Garrioch and his companions, and they concluded that she could only have got her information through intercourse with the evil one. Troubles, it had been said, rarely come singly, but follow each other in quick succession. This was the experience of Janet Forsyth, for a few months after the disappearance of her sweetheart she lost her father, who was the only remaining relative she had on the island. From that time onward she took no interest in anything transpiring around her. She became a victim to melancholia, and shunned the companionship of her neighbours. Indeed, for days together she never left her own house. There was no window in her humble dwelling, but venturesome boys who had climbed up on to the thatched roof, and peeped through the hole which did duty both as a chimney and for giving light to the lonely inhabitant, had reported that she sat with her arms folded, crooning a plaintive song—a circumstance which gave rise to the belief that this was her method of luring the Storm King from the caverns of the deep. When a fresh breeze was blowing, and the angry billows came tumbling in upon the beach, she could often be seen hurrying down to a glee where her father had kept his boat, and she frequently put to sea when her hardy neighbours believed it impossible that her little craft could live. But

#### SHE SEEMED TO HAVE A CHARMED LIFE,

and returned to the island over and over again after she had been given up for lost. In this way she earned the title of the Storm Witch. When fishermen went to sea, and sustained any damage either personally or to their gear, Janet Forsyth got the credit of the mishap. For instance, Robert Reid, a Westray fisherman, took ill one day when out in his boat, and on landing he accused the young woman of being a witch, alleging that she had thrown an evil spell over him. Janet Forsyth did not deign to give any answer to the charge, but she threw a bucket of salt water over her accuser, and he declared that he had been healed instantaneously by this simple means. It might have been thought that Reid would have been satisfied with such an easy rapid cure, but he was not, for he appeared as a witness against the Storm Witch when she was subsequently tried for sorcery at Kirkwall. The people ultimately believed so strongly in her powers as a witch that, in times of sickness, they coaxed her to visit the sufferers; and, if the indictment is to be believed, she wrought wonderful cures amongst them. It might naturally have been thought that the Storm Witch would in such circumstances have earned the gratitude of those who consulted her; but it so happened that cattle and horses occasionally died, and the owners never hesitated to put down these losses to the credit of Janet Forsyth. At last matters reached a crisis. A large vessel was seen driving helplessly in upon the island in midst of a terrific gale, and the inhabitants felt perfectly certain that they were about to have a rich harvest from the sea. The beach was crowded with people, but no proposal was made to render assistance to the crew of the apparently doomed vessel. By-and-bye, however, the Storm Witch forced her way through the crowd of onlookers. The



woman knew well that an appeal for aid would meet with no response; and so, casting a withering look of contempt at the people, she proceeded to the beach, set sail in her little boat, and

#### PUT OFF TO THE RESCUE ALONE.

The crowd stood aghast at the hardihood of the Storm Witch. It was thought that nothing human could live in such a gale, even if the boat had been the best belonging to the island, which it was not. When the frail little craft was caught in the swirling tide which runs round Westray, it could be seen rising on the crest of a wave, and then it would disappear for such a length of time that it was surmised that it had gone down. Once more, however, it would come in sight, always drawing nearer and nearer the vessel which was so rapidly drifting towards destruction. At length the vessel was boarded. The peril in which the crew was placed evidently prevented them from commenting on their strange visitor. The Storm Witch hurried aft to the wheel, gave a few orders in quick succession which were promptly obeyed, and the vessel was speedily run into Pierowall Bay, where it was anchored in safety. The sailors, who had given themselves up for lost, now crowded round the Storm Witch, offering her their thanks for their rescue, while the captain tried to persuade her to accept a well-filled purse in acknowledgment of her daring and timely services. But she firmly and resolutely declined the present. In fact she refused to converse with the sailors further than to express the wish that somebody might, if opportunity occurred, do as much for her Ben. Now that the crew were safe, the Storm Witch left the vessel with as little ceremony as she had joined it, and a few hours later she was sitting plaintively singing at the peat fire of her lonely home, as if all that she had done was simply a matter of course. If this poor woman had lived in the nineteenth century her heroic action would have called forth the plaudits of the civilised world; but the superstitious generation to which she belonged could only see in her conduct fresh proof of her connection with the Evil One. She was accordingly arrested on a charge of being a rank witch, and was tried in St. Magnus Cathedral.

#### THE TRIAL.

In consequence of the events already narrated, Janet Forsyth was reported to the Sheriff-Deputy of Orkney as a witch, and on this charge she was tried in St. Magnus Cathedral three weeks later. A number of witnesses were examined, from whom the prosecutor elicited the story of the alleged misdeeds of the Storm Witch much in the same terms as we have given them. The jury, after a short consultation, having brought in a verdict of guilty against the prisoner, the judge asked if she had any reason to give why sentence of death should not be passed upon her. As the Storm Witch slowly rose to her feet, a solemn hush passed over the audience. "I am innocent," she said, "of the crime which has been laid to my charge. In saving the crew of the vessel referred to, I had no assistance but from God, with a powerful arm to guide the tiller of my boat, and a quick eye to avoid the dangerous breakers which surrounded me. The remedies I applied to heal the sick were simple, and I believe imagination on the part of the patients played a very prominent part in restoring them to health. As to the horses and cattle which died, I assure you that so far as I know, death resulted from natural causes. But I have no desire to live, and the sentence which you are about to pass has no terrors for me. The judge having expressed his horror of the crime of witchcraft, of which she had been found guilty, said he had no alternative but to order that next day she should be taken from prison with her hands tied behind her back, led to the Gallows Hall, where she was to be tied to a stake, to be worried to death by the hangman, and her body thereafter to be burnt to ashes. Whilst the sentence was being delivered a number of man-of-war's men entered the court, and, though they knew nothing of the merits of the case, applauded the sentence as heartily as the rest of the audience.

#### HER LOVER'S OPPORTUNE RETURN.

When the noise had subsided the prisoner turned round and faced the people with a contemptuous smile on her face, but as her gaze fell on one of the strange sailors all her fortitude seemed to desert her, and she fell to the floor with an agonised scream on her lips of "Save me, Ben; save me." In a moment the sailor was beside her, and raising her in his arms began calling her all sorts of endearing names. The whole thing had occurred so suddenly that judge and officers were for some time completely taken by surprise. When the Sheriff-Deputy recovered from the shock, however, he sternly ordered the sailor to give the prisoner over to the charge of the officers of the Court, and intimated that he only refrained from punishing him as his conduct deserved on the ground that he had just returned from fighting the King's enemies in France. Thereafter the poor woman was led to the condemned cell, making the aisle of the Cathedral loudly echo with her heart-piercing screams. The night on which the Storm Witch was condemned was a memorable one. The English fleet, under the command of the Duke of Buckingham, had been driven on the Orkney coast by stress of weather, and had taken refuge in Kirkwall Bay. In the early part of the day the officers had been entertained to a cake and wine banquet, and in the evening the municipal rulers enjoyed the hospitality of the Admiral of the flagship. As was usual, the town's officers came in for a large share of the drink left over at the banquet, and the hangman and his two companions went in for a tremendous carousal.

#### THE VICTIM HAD ESCAPED.

At ten o'clock the following morning a large crowd had assembled in Broad-street, Kirkwall, to see the poor woman led to her doom. The Sheriff-Deputy and Provost Craigie proceeded to the prison to ascertain the cause of delay, but hastily returned, reporting that they had found the door of the cell unlocked, the hangman and his assistants asleep, and the prisoner gone. Messengers were at once despatched in all directions with orders to prevent the escape of the Storm Witch, whilst a thorough search of the town was made, in the hope that she might be captured there.

A few months afterwards Bailie Blaikie, of Kirkwall, when passing through Manchester on his way to London, was much surprised to find a merchant there having on his sign-board such an unmistakable Orcadian name as "Benjamin Garrioch," and he entered the shop to see the individual. To his surprise he found the Storm Witch of Westray in charge. But how changed she was. She was no longer the tired-out, grief-stricken woman she appeared to be when on her trial at Kirkwall, but was full of life and vivacity, and she was at least ten years younger looking. The Bailie having given an undertaking that he would keep

#### THE SECRET OF THE HAPPY COUPLE.

they freely told him their story. It appeared that when Garrioch and his three companions left Westray that day they were caught in the fog, they had been picked up by a man-of-war vessel, in which they had been carried off to take part in the war which was then being waged with France. Garrioch was in one of the war vessels anchored in Kirkwall Bay that day his sweetheart was being tried for witchcraft, but when he entered the court he had not the slightest suspicion that he should see Janet Forsyth in such a cruel situation. It was only when she turned round to face the audience that he made the discovery, and from that moment he formed the resolve that he would effect her escape. Knowing that the hangman and his assistants were addicted to drink, he had little difficulty in getting a good supply conveyed to them, and with it he succeeded in giving each of them a strong sleeping draught. Watching his opportunity, which was easily got owing to the entertainment of the municipal rulers on the flagship, he got into the condemned cell and lost no time in releasing his sweetheart. The vessel which she had saved from destruction a few weeks previously at Westray was then lying in Dungeness Bay ready to put to sea, and the captain gladly assisted in the rescue of the Storm Witch. Janet Forsyth was by this means conveyed to Liverpool, where she resided with the captain's wife till Garrioch, a week or two later, arrived at Portsmouth with the fleet, when he took French leave of the service of Charles I. Garrioch and his wife never again ventured back to Orkney. They were most successful in business in their new home, however, and there are to be found in Manchester at the present day many descendants of the Westray Storm Witch.—*Dundee Telegraph.*

### SAVED BY A SPIRIT.

#### A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

By WESLEY NOAKES.

"Do you believe in Spiritualism, doctor?"

"What makes you ask, Geoff?"

"I heard from an old friend this morning who has been investigating the subject, and he tells me some incredible things. I always gave him credit for possessing a reasonable amount of common sense and veracity; but after to-day I shall have to restrict myself to the latter quality."

"Then you think that he is the victim of imposition?"

"Undoubtedly!" I replied.

"The doctor puffed meditatively at his meerschaum for a few moments, and then to my surprise said:

"There are some questions, Geoff., which one does not care to answer either in the affirmative or the negative. The human mind possesses some peculiar features. Without entering into a dissertation on metaphysics, I can perhaps give you an inkling of what I mean. We sometimes say yes or no, and at the same moment our inward monitor sits in judgment and says: 'You have not told a falsehood, yet notwithstanding, have not adhered strictly to the truth.' Mind you, I don't refer to the little social fiction which we term 'a white lie.'"

"I understand you, doctor. I have frequently been placed in such a position."

"Very good," he rejoined. "Now, touching your question, if you are not inclined for turning in just yet, I will relate a strange experience which befel me some twenty-five years ago."

The doctor was a good hand at a yarn, so nothing loth, I drew my cosy arm-chair nearer the fire, and composed myself to listen. But here, with the reader's permission, I will digress for a minute and put in a few words of explanation.

Doctor S—, with whom I was spending a few days, was an old friend of my father's. He held a leading place amongst the medical fraternity of his town, being especially noted for his remarkable nerve and coolness when performing some exceptionally difficult operation. Not a man to be imposed upon by any means. Keen and ready-witted, a great stickler for facts and ocular demonstration, he was simply a terror to encounter in an argument, unless you were absolutely sure of your ground and statements.

This outline of his character will enable you to appreciate his story better and the value of his testimony. After the family had retired to rest the doctor and myself usually had a little confab over the smoking-room fire, and it was on one of these occasions that I put the question which commences this story. Now to resume. The doctor smoked vigorously for a few minutes, evidently collecting the threads of his narrative, and then proceeded as follows:—

"My father had an extensive medical practice at Mircome, and in addition to his town patients had a fair connection with the county bigwigs who resided within easy driving distance. Amongst these was the family of Sir Henry Danefield (that is not the real name, but it will do for our purpose). It was pretty well known that Lady Danefield possessed a very beautiful and valuable diamond necklace, which she only wore on particular occasions. For safety this ornament was kept at the family bankers in London."

I think the period in which my adventure took place was the January of sixty-eight or nine. At that time I was a student at Guy's, but had obtained a week's leave in order to spend the Christmas festivities with my people at home. On the day of my return I met Sir Henry casually in the street. After a few minutes chat he said:

"By the way, Tom, when are you going back to town?"



"This evening," I replied, "Night train."

"Then you are just the man I want," he said. "You can do me a special service, if you will be so kind?"

The special service was to take charge of the celebrated Dane-field necklace, and leave it at the family bankers in Leadenhall-street. This was not a job I particularly cared about, yet rather than give what might have seemed an ungracious refusal, I swallowed my objections and proffered my services. My people were rather surprised when I informed them of the commission which Sir Henry had asked me to undertake; but second thoughts showed us his forethought and precaution. A member of his own household might have been an object of suspicion, but who would dream that an ordinary medical student had such a treasure in his keeping?

Our local railway was only a branch line. We joined the main road at the Weldon junction. From there we had a clear run of forty miles right to the Metropolitan terminus without a stoppage.

I caught the London train in good time, found an empty smoking compartment, and was busy arranging my traps when, to my disgust, the door opened to admit a tall lady, closely veiled, and wearing a long dark travelling cloak. I had been calculating on a comfortable smoke, but this was now out of the question, so making a virtue of necessity I resigned myself to the inevitable.

Shortly after leaving the junction the behaviour of my companion began to cause me some uneasiness. Her arms and legs commenced to twitch in a curious fashion, and finally her whole body became violently convulsed.

"Epilepsy," was my inward comment, but I was mistaken. Just as I was rising from my seat to assist her the movements suddenly ceased, and to my intense astonishment she addressed me in unmistakable masculine tones as follows:—

"Tom S—, in the course of your career you have been in some dangerous predicaments, but never so near to death's door as you are at the present moment. Your life is simply hanging by a thread."

"What do you mean?" I gasped, "and who are you?"

"I am your old school and college friend, Percy Rainford."

"Nonsense!" I said, indignantly. "Rainford is nothing near your height and build, and again, he would never go about masquerading in female garments in this manner."

"Nevertheless, I am stating a fact. Now listen to me. We have no time to waste. You remember our talks on Spiritualism at college, and know what is meant by spirit control?"

"I remember what it was affirmed to be," was my reply.

"Ah! still the same cautious old Tom," he said. "Now please accept all my statements as we used to do in the old days, merely for the sake of argument. You can verify them afterwards. For the time being I have assumed complete control over this person's mind and body. My own earthly tabernacle is at present resting in Kensal Green Cemetery."

Here he gave me some directions for finding the grave, and then continued:

"The person you see is Sir Henry Dansfield's French valet disguised in female attire, and the object of his journey to-night is to obtain at any cost possession of the necklace which is at this moment lying in the portmanteau under your elbow. Oh, yes!"—as I gave a start of surprise, "physical matter is no hindrance to spirit vision. I can also see the six shooter which is in the right pocket of your ulster. You will require it presently!"

By this time, Geoff, I began to feel—to put it mildly—decidedly queer; yet all my faculties were thoroughly alive and ready for any emergency.

"If you are Rainford," I said, "you will be able to give me some proof of your identity?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "Do you remember licking Brown Major for bullying me? Do you remember old Pegleg's tuckshop? Do you remember getting the birch for taking our white mice to church one Sunday and racing them along the book-ledge of our pew? Have you forgotten saving my life at the risk of your own, and that little affair with Clarke of 'Christ's'? Truly, I thought, there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Here was I, according to my spirit friend, in imminent danger of losing my life, and yet we were talking of Pegleg's tuckshop and white mice. However, all these incidents were true, and I admitted as much.

"Very good," he said; "now for a little more evidence. Unfasten the cape of this person's cloak. You will see a muff, put your hand inside."

I did as directed, and drew out a beautiful little revolver, evidently purloined from his employer, as the handle bore the Dane-field crest. From this weapon I took the liberty of drawing the cartridges, thus leaving it useless as a firearm.

"Now open his bag," went on my spirit friend, "and take a look inside."

If I had been sceptical up to that moment respecting the danger of my situation, the contents of that bag turned the scale in the other direction. I found a bottle of chloroform, some cotton wool, and a peculiar shaped piece of wood, to which some narrow straps were attached.

"What is this?" I asked.

"That is a gag. In case you had gone to sleep he meant to chloroform, gag you, and then stow your body under the seat."

The remaining article in the bag was a long, murderous-looking knife.

"You see," said Rainford, "his arrangements for your disposal are pretty complete. This man is a very powerful medium, but I am sorry to say that he uses his gifts for wrong purposes. With the help of other spirit friends now present I have driven away his usual controls, and taken possession of his faculties for the purpose of rendering you this service. If our efforts had not been successful by this time you would most probably have exchanged your earthly plane for a spiritual one. You are not yet out of danger, but the rest will depend upon yourself. Keep cool. Let him see that you are acquainted with his intentions, and that you will stand no trifling. Now old friend I must say good bye. Success to you!"

A few moments afterwards my fellow-traveller came to himself.

"Have I been asleep?" he asked excitedly. "Are we near London?"

"We shall be there in about ten minutes," I answered.

"Sacre!" he muttered. Then the villain deliberately faced me, and I could see from the movements of his arms that he was fumbling with his muff. By-and-bye came six distinct clicks as the barrel of his pistol revolved in the futile attempt to shoot me from under cover of his cloak. Realising that something was amiss, with a howl of rage he flung the weapon on the floor and grabbed at his bag.

"Stop!" I shouted. "Touch that knife and you are a dead man!" He collapsed into his seat like a beaten cur.

"Now, understand," I said, covering him with my six-shooter, "I know all about you, and your nefarious designs upon this little article of jewellery," tapping my portmanteau. "Your game is up! Stir hand or foot, and I put a bullet through you!"

His face was simply a treat. Rage, fear, surprise, appeared on its surface in quick succession. If the situation had not been so serious, I could have laughed outright. The next few minutes seemed a young eternity, but at last we ran into the station, and I breathed freely once again.

As soon as possible I obtained the assistance of two constables, and after handcuffing our man we popped him into a fly and drove off to the central police department. We were shown into the presence of the chief superintendent, a military-looking man with a bald head and "a heye like a hawk," as our Cockney friends would say. He took a long look at our gentleman, and then said, in an amused tone: "What! have I the felicity of renewing our acquaintance, mon cher Alphonse? This is a surprise. Your friends will be pleased; they have been very solicitous about your welfare lately."

To cut my story short, it seemed that my friend Alphonse was wanted in France on account of several little affairs in which he had played a leading part. He was, therefore, packed off to his native land, where he doubtless commenced a long period of enforced seclusion, if indeed his compatriots did not think it necessary that he should make a hasty exit from his earthly sphere of labour.

"Now, Geoff, I can see what you are dying to ask, but I am not going to comment on the circumstance at all. I have given you the facts just as they occurred. You must put your own construction upon them."

"By the way, doctor," I said as we were going upstairs, "Did you pay a visit to your friend's grave at Kensal Green?"

"I went the following day," he replied, "and found it situated exactly as Rainford had described. From the date on the stone he had been dead a little over twelve months."

David Christie Murray, the novelist, replying to an interviewer recently, stated: "My eldest brother, who died in 1865, was at sea as midshipman on board a merchant vessel. He sailed under a drunken captain, who behaved to him with horrible cruelty. He got the seeds of consumption on that voyage."

"While he was at sea my mother was nursing her uncle, James Withers Marsh, and in the very hour of his death the old man, who had been tenderly attached to my brother, sat up and said aloud: 'Leave the lad alone. Have you no bowels?'"

"My mother asked him what he was thinking of, and he said, 'that captain is ill-treating poor Jack horribly.' The first officer, a Mr. Mundy, took command of the ship when Captain Gregory died in delirium tremens and was buried at the Azores. Mundy brought my brother home, and he was told the story of the old man's dying words. He produced his own notebook and showed that the day of the old man's death he had made an entry because he intended to indict the captain for his cruelty on their return to a British port. What is most singular is that when he came to work out the difference of latitude he found that the entry in his private log and the time of the old man's dying speech coincided to a moment."

"There are thousands of such instances reported, and it seems to me quite idle to dismiss them as mere coincidences."

"Not very long ago," Mr. Murray resumed, "I had a very curious experience. Two persons had been dining with me—one a very dear and intimate friend, the other a comparative stranger. When they had left me I distinctly heard a personal conversation within my own mind. I do not pretend that the words would have been audible to anybody else—that would be nonsense. But I heard it within my mind, and recognised the voices of the two men. They discussed my own character and the action I had taken about a certain matter at that time. The comparative stranger was critical and unfriendly, and my old friend fought my case with great warmth. I questioned him afterward, and he assured me that such a conversation had taken place as he and his friend had driven in the carriage to the club from my house."

"The novelist was asked whether he had met with any cases of the action of a dead on a living mind. He replied, speaking in an impressive and reverent tone of voice, 'I am profoundly convinced, though I do not want to be regarded as a madman, that after his death my father assisted me in my literary work. For a year or two I was profoundly conscious of it, and I wrote as if I was absolutely under his eye, and with an assurance of his sympathy and aid that, however conveyed, was absolute.'"

"I had an allusion to this kind of influence," Mr. Murray continued, "in my book, 'Rainbow Gold.' There is a dialogue there with a great strong man who has committed some dreadful crime and is repenting of it, and the question between the talkers is as to whether there is any knowledge of us on the part of the dead. And old Armstrong, a practical-minded Scotchman, remarks that he can fancy the spirit of a mother saying to the master seraph: 'I have been behaving pretty well of late, and I would like to go back to Castle Barfield and have a look at the lad I left behind me,' and the master seraph says, 'Go to the poor creature, go!' And you feel her near you, and you say in the blindness of your mind, 'Nerves.' And you try to chase your poor old mother's soul away from you with a decoction of Peruvian bark."



## CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

(Written for the Two Worlds.)

As I sit in the quiet of my house this stormy night, and listen to the howling winds sighing around the eaves and sighing away across the snow-clad fields, away, away over the tossing branches of frozen trees, there comes to my soul a great wave, as though borne by the bitter winds from all the earth, of woe and pain; of grief and despair; of struggling against fate; thirst and hunger. Two thousand years since the angels sang in the bright heavens of Palestine: "Peace on earth, good will to men." Twenty centuries of effort to make practical the divine gospel of love, and still selfishness is triumphant and covers the earth! Still in a world of plenty, with plethoric harvests that burst the granaries, and rot in the field, there is gaunt famine, and millions go to their hard beds to-night hungry for a crust! Little children know not what it is to have enough; and while warehouses are packed high with mouldering garments, their forlorn rags scarcely conceal their emaciated bodies. I see them shivering over the bits of coal gathered from the garbage heaps, crowded together to give each other warmth.

Then comes, with another gust, the dull leaden pain of grief; the loss of friends, the aching heart benumbed by suffering, mechanically gathering itself up to go on, leaving hope and joy behind. Then comes the shadowy forms of blasted hopes, heaven-high aspirations, and dreams that were only dreams.

There are to-night ten thousand times ten thousand such, and there is no balm.

There are endless processions marching on of those who have failed and lost their places in the line. Incompetency, rascality of those trusted in affairs; the incalculable interference of the elements; a thousand causes, avoidable or beyond human control, have brought disaster and ambition, once starward, has sunk into the dull effort to exist. The labourer, once master of himself, looks around his scanty table, and would feel shame comparing it with other days, had not merciful fate calloused his finer nature. His cabin is in the shadow of villas, where the sons and daughters of wealth waste in the riot of a single night the hard earning of his hands for the longest life-time.

From afar there is heard the wail of a starving people, millions and millions stricken with pestilence, and given over to the merciless hand of winter, and beyond them the exiles on the borders of the Arctic Sea, the exiles of Siberia, nobly born and reared, suffer daily death, and witness how much agony the human soul can bear.

From the Christian nations, baptized in the faith of the brotherhood of man, bowing low to the Christ who conquered by love, and murmured through the ashen lips of death forgiveness to his persecutors, there comes clanging on the blast the preparations for war, and these nations standing in great armies, millions strong, trained and equipped for murder. All their energies, their ambition devoted to the purposes of pain.

From penal colonies, prison cells, reeking cages of confinement of human beings, come sobs of contrite grief, groans of despair, mingled with the snarl of envenomed hate. From thirty thousand souls in our own bright land, shut behind prison bars, come these mingling voices. Punishment, just in the sight of law and Christianity; but who cannot pity? Who cannot sympathize with these poor, dwarfed, blighted results of social conditions over which these victims have no control?

To punish!

Justice inflicts not punishment for its own sake. Justice reforms, not avenges. Judge not, for no one is wise enough to sit in the judgment seat.

Oh! divine love! where art thou when these are driven to their cells with cropped locks and harlequin clothing, branded with the mark of Cain, that they may feel the bitterness of disgrace and infamy; branded so indelibly that ever after the finger of scorn is pointed, and the sneer of mankind follows them to their graves!

It is Christmastide!

There should flow around us an ocean of love. There should not only be glad hearts, but *all* hearts should be glad. Will this end be on some Christmas morn?

But now there comes before me a vast army, legion on legion, fading away into the clouds of the distance; the wretched and despairing; the hungry and the destitute; the vagabond and criminal; the hopeless and broken-hearted; sweeping past in endless columns, writhing in eddying swirls, like snow-flakes on the merciless blast.

Is it Christmastide? Is this the highest and the best of Christian endeavour? Were I the Infinite Power, at least for this one time, there should not be one soul cold or hungry, grieving or despairing. There should not for this one time be pain or suffering, and crime should cease. Once in all the wide world should it be true that peace on earth and goodwill to man had come.

Is it Christmastide?

Is the day the old day when we gathered our children around us, and the joy of reciprocated affection was like the breath of Eden?

They have Christmas trees of their own now on further shores, and the sigh of the winter wind replaces their glad laughter. Scotland, are they proud when the Northern Lakes wash their granite shores, to Austral-Sea, watched over by the Southern Cross.

The old time will return, never more.

Berlin Heights, O., U.S.A.,

## THEY HAVE COME BACK FROM SHADOWLAND.

*These Spirits Haunt the Homes of the Living and Invert Temporary Environments of Life with All the Terrors of Unfathomed Death.*

Now the end of the century approaches, and the truly wise are admitting that truer illumination has but made plainer the existence of depths and heights in mind and matter and spirit truly abyssal. Men so cool-headed and careful as Mr. Stead and the Hon. Arthur Balfour give open aid and counsel to societies of psychical research. They go further, and themselves collate and compare records of strange happenings.

So much by way of preface to this grist of ghost tales, all of them set down from the lips of narrators who were either witnesses of them or actors therein.

I am at rather a loss to classify the story told me by a gentleman of the old school, who in his youth travelled widely in the South and West. There were neither steamboats, railways nor telegraph nor express companies in those days, so the traveller who had business there carried money and pistols belted about his waist. This particular traveller, with a companion, was journeying to a land sale, and the pair had between them some 5,000 dollars. Settlers were few and far between; it was difficult often to find a house of call for themselves and their horses. One night they were forced to stop at a roadside tavern, whose keeper was not thought to be above suspicion. So the two friends insisted upon sleeping in the same room, and after they were in it took precautions against being robbed and murdered.

It was an upper room, with long walls, no fireplaces, a single door, and two tiny windows, nailed tight in their frames. Investigation satisfied them that there was no trap door in the bare floor, nor any concealed way of ingress, so after barring the door securely they went to sleep, each with his money under his pillow, and a cocked pistol handy. Along toward two o'clock the relator awoke to find big, sinewy hands, with a strangling grip on his throat, and what seemed like a squat, heavy figure kneeling upon his chest.

THROTTLED BY SHADES.

He could not cry out, but being an exceptionally strong man, rose upright in bed, struggling fiercely with his assailant, who felt as though he were naked and covered with long hair. After a minute he managed to cast the thing violently from him. It fell upon the floor with a hard, dull, jarring sound. His comrade, who had by this time awakened, called aloud:

"What's that?"

"Thieves! Stranglers!" panted the other. "Strike a light—or we shall be murdered."

But when the light was struck it showed nothing whatever. There was no one in the room besides their two selves. The door was fast, the window had not been touched, there was no crack nor crevice in the log wall through which anything bigger than a mouse could have come and gone. The two men sat up the rest of the night, each with a finger on the hammer of his pistol, but they saw nor heard anything more until they left at daylight. But some weeks after they heard a gruesome tale of another traveller who had been found dead in the room they had occupied, with cruel black marks about his throat, though the door had to be broken in, and the landlord proved beyond peradventure that he was innocent of any complicity in the sudden taking off.

Things unseen which are palpable are so ultra-astronomical that I am a little nervous over setting down my own experience, which goes on all fours with my old friend's story.

I lived then on the plantation, where early rising was an imperative virtue. My bedroom was on the second story. It had two big windows, looking south, with outside Venetian shutters, always closed at night. The one door was in the end wall, opposite the fireplace. It gave upon a small back hall, in which the stairway ran up, from a similar hall below. The bed I slept in sat with its headboard against the wall, thus bringing it almost flush with the door, and making me face fully the fireplace end.

I awoke one February morning as the big clock downstairs was on the stroke of five. My sisters slept below, in the room corresponding to mine. Early as it was they were astir, and the elder of them called up to know if she must send black Martha, our maid, to make me a fire.

"Oh, no," I said, "it is not cold enough for that. I will run down and dress by your fire." Then I heard her shut the door, and began to gather my energies for a plunge out of bed, when I saw a bright light shine through the door at my head, defining the square of it distinctly upon the wall at the other end.

"Ah! ha!" I thought, smiling, "Martha is determined I shall have the fire, in spite of myself." So thinking, I raised myself upon one elbow, and looked over my shoulder at the door, through which the light was momentarily growing stronger. I heard no sound, and began to wonder how Martha, the heavy-footed, had suddenly shod herself with silence, when the whole room became flooded with dazzling radiance, and two muscular arms were thrust about my body—though I saw nothing but the light.

They gathered me in a grip so hard I could feel the play of their muscles against my thinly clothed flesh. I felt myself drawn forcibly a little way from under the thick bed clothes—a closer grip, another tug—then I was flung forcibly back on the pillow—the light faded—I sprang up, and ran down stairs. My first look was at the clock. It was exactly three minutes past five. The lamp sat untouched upon the corner of the mantel. Martha was on her knees reddening the hearth, with my two sisters, each snug in her accustomed corner.

"Who brought that light upstairs?" I asked. They stared blankly at me, saying, "Nobody. None of us has gone outside the door since we called to you a minute or so ago."

That is all the satisfaction I ever got. We were the only occupants of the house—the outer doors and windows were fast—and the closest search failed to show trace of an intruder. No later unusual experience has come to me, but to my dying day I shall recall the light I saw, the powerful arms I felt.

ONLY a few weeks ago, a lecturer at a big meeting gave utterance to the following: "All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen Hand."

AN ORATOR at one of the University Unions bore off the palm of merit when he declared that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns nor retire into the shell."



## GOING HOME!

By E. LEUTY COLLINS.

*Author of "Hadasrah," "Queen of Heaven and Earth,"  
"A Daughter of the Commune," etc., etc., etc.*

"Can you tell me, sir, how far I am from Northfield?"

I looked up from where in a cove I had been watching the gambols of a couple of rabbits, and saw an old man standing near. His voice had startled me, notwithstanding it was sweet and pathetic. And as my gaze met his I turned with surprise and ejaculated, "Northfield! Northfield!! I have no idea. I do not think it can be anywhere near this locality."

The old man looked at me dubiously, and leaning upon his stout stick nodded his head gravely as he spoke.

"Aye, sir, but I see you are a stranger to these parts. It is not so far off now I know, and I'm all right when I see the elms of the churchyard. My cottage is then only a little way on."

"Possibly you are right, but surely," I continued, as I noted the feeble form and the weary expression of his lined face, "surely you are not going there this evening? It is past sunset, and you look tired?"

"True, gentleman," he answered, in a quivering tone, "but I am all right now. I feel I have not been 'got over' to-day. I promised Mary faithfully I would be home early. I must get on, else she will tell me it is the 'old story.' And, sir, she always waits up for me, she does."

"Oh," I said, in softer tones. "Your daughter, I suppose. Quite right of her."

"No, sir, Mary is my wife, and I have two little ones, a girl and a boy. And Bonnie children they are, too."

I uttered a slight ejaculation of surprise at the mention of "little ones," and ventured to scan my companion with greater curiosity and astonishment.

He had a beautiful face, calm and benign, although deeply furrowed and sorely pinched. Around the brow, and falling in soft waves, grew a quantity of snow-white hair. He was cleanly and comfortably attired, and had taken off his soft, well-worn hat, and stood regarding me with a strange confidence and respect.

"Your wife!" I uttered, in a surprised tone. "How old are you, then?"

"Nigh on eighty, sir. But I minds not so much my years now, savin' when I come across it in the Bible. But there's always a time, sir, to mend; that's why I am so anxious to get home a' nights. I've turned over a new leaf, as I promised her I would this morning. And would you believe it, sir, they'd get me again away from her and home if they could, only—only—I have overcome them this time, and am out of their reach."

The last words were uttered painfully and half chokingly. The old fellow's eyes began to glimmer as with rising tears. I wondered as I looked at him. What mystery surrounded him. His manner was so unique that I was impelled to question him further. His pathetic dignity struck me as unusual in one so childlike in simplicity.

"How can it be?" I asked, "that you who are so anxious to be at home, and at your years, can possibly fall into error?"

"Sir," he returned reprovingly, "do you not find the body is oftentimes weak? And a time comes in the day when other people bind us, and we cannot get free unless we escape 'em. And, sir, that is not always easy. See! see! where the Evil One has had me. And yet! O, sir, I cannot seem to get home; and it is so late."

He held out his withered hands in pitiful supplication towards me, when to my horror I saw that his wrists were seamed and swollen with the great blue marks of manacles of some kind or other.

"What are these?" I said, as I looked.

"They are the marks of sin, sir. They are the signs left upon me of how 'they' who seek to draw me aside once bound me, and from my wife and little ones, too. And, would you believe it they tried to keep me away to-day, again to-day. God bless you, sir, I think I'll go now. Surely I can't be far from Northfield. Thank you kindly, sir. I'll inquire again on the road; on the road, I will."

I arose, feeling considerably interested and unsettled by the old man. I could scarce think he had spoken of his life and surroundings as a matter of fact, but the appearance of his wrists caused not a little concern.

"I may as well walk with you a little way," I said, "How long have you been married?" I asked confidentially.

"A many years now, sir; a many. An' a brighter and kinder lass than my poor Mary you'd not find anywhere. It's bin a long day, sir, this; but God knows I am nearer on the road by His mercy than they think. An' she always waits up, you see, tired as she is an' faithful, she always will let the light be a-shining out o' the window."

"A faithful soul," I ejaculated; "but it is too late for you to be out trudging another five or six miles, perhaps."

"Bless you, sir; we be young, Mary and I. Just as young as ever, but you know, the evil lies in the bad influence one can get into. I always was a fellow likely to go out of the right way, an' they got me many a time, but she always was lenient like. An' God knows, I ha' had a lot to contend wi'. Well, as I said, sir, I got away, an' now I'm going home. Home! Lord, how I feel comforted when I think o' it. There there's a bit o' peace, and it is what one strives after all one's days, eh? Sure, there's nothing like 'home.' An' so I must start, excuse me, sir. Thank you, sir; I see the way now. Down Hagley Road, on the main way there, I shall come to Northfield."

A cart containing three men had trundled up suddenly to where we stood, and as I was bidding the old man adieu it pulled up, and two of the men hastily exclaimed, "Here he is." The old man was groping his way a few paces ahead, when one of the men, bearing an official sign upon his coat, taking his arm a little roughly, exclaimed, "So we've caught you, Joseph, at last. What have you been doing all day? Why have you broken orders again? Come, come, you must go with us!"

The old man said mildly, "The gentleman there knows I have been wrongly directed, and he has shown me the way. Let me go—

I don't need your help. Let me go, it is long since time I was home." One of the party, a most kindly-looking man, who wore some official dress, said to me, "Pardon me, sir, but how long have you been in conversation with this old man?"

"Some few minutes, I suppose, why do you ask. He seems very intelligent," I replied.

"He is, indeed," returned my companion. Poor old soul. We have been the whole day searching for him.

"Where have you come from," I asked. "From Perry Bar Asylum," was the response. "Poor old Joseph, it is strange—a most unusual thing for him to give us any trouble now."

"Indeed," I said. The poor old soul seems very sane. He told me he was "going home." And I felt so interested that I questioned him, "perhaps unwisely."

The man shook his head.

"Oh! no, sir, Joseph is as young in the spirit as any of us. He is one of the most tractable-patients. Everyone loves him, and my little boy has been most unhappy because of his absence."

"How long has Joseph been an inmate?" I asked. "About forty years," was the response, "and only on two occasions has he tried to escape before. Unfortunately, this morning our porter was taken ill, so old Joseph made his escape through the gates." Interest in the old man impelled me to ask for information of his case, and the man replied:

"I have great power over Joseph, that is why I was compelled to be one of the search party, but my little boy Johnnie, I think, has even greater power than I. The old man seems to live another life when the child is with him, and really, my wife is distressed, since she has detected some rather sad symptoms in little Johnnie's health of late."

I asked if it were possible to visit the asylum. I was staying near, and would be grateful to look over such an institution.

The man warmly invited me.

I observed that the men were coaxing and otherwise impelling Joseph to mount into the cart, but he stood fast and looked at me in a beseeching manner. One of the men caught him round the body, and intended to hoist him in, but the chief stepped up and said, "Loose him; let him come to me," and fixing his eyes intently upon those of the old man, he said, firmly yet kindly, "Joseph, it is late, and you must be at home. Come with us. We will see you safe on the way, and to-night you will be there. I promise you."

A marked change came over the aged face. He gave way instantly and allowed the two attendants to assist him into the cart.

I promised to call at Perry Bar Asylum on the morrow, and saw the cart speed away.

Unfortunately circumstances prevented my visit the next day, but the following morning I arose, wended my way across sunny fields, and into shady lanes, until the portals of the asylum met my eyes, and I rang the bell with some anxiety.

A young man made his appearance, whereupon I enquired for the principal keeper, who caught the escaped inmate two days before. The man nodded, but his countenance became clouded as he said: "It was 'Smithers'; he lives in the lodge here. Come in, sir, and I'll tell him you're here. Step inside, please."

I walked into the entrance and the man closed and locked the iron gate. "I am very interested in that old man," I remarked. "I confess I had no idea his mind was unhinged." My companion again nodded gravely, and I noted the same peculiar expression of solemnity crossed his face.

"Come this way, sir. I do not know whether you will be able to see 'Old Joseph,' but anyway Smithers will know best."

I followed him to a small lodge, bright with well-kept windows, in which some pretty late geraniums were blooming. The door was opened by a woman of about forty years of age, whose countenance also bore traces of sadness. She evidently knew my mission, for she addressed me first.

"We expected you yesterday, sir; and felt sorry, as poor 'Old Joseph' spoke of you, and said if he had 'gone on the road' with you he would have got 'home' all right. He must have felt the change coming to have wandered away as he did."

I followed her into a little sitting-room, and accepted a proffered chair.

"My husband is just in 'the house,' sir. My little Johnny and 'Old Joseph' have been great friends ever since the child could speak, and as we fear my little boy is also not long for this world we try to give him any little happiness we can. His passion for the old man has been most singular, and, would you believe it, the child, although only ten, has precisely the same ideas as 'Joseph.'"

"Mother, it's no use being tired of walking on the way," he said one day. "We must get there at last, and 'Old Joseph' says it's not so far to go after all."

"I remonstrated with my husband, often thinking the close companionship was not good for a young mind, especially as I noticed of late a great change come over my little boy. Now, he does nothing but fret for 'Joseph,' and we can scarcely keep him away from the room, poor little fellow; it worries me sorely, sir." Tears gathered to her eyes as she stopped speaking, and she lifted her apron to wipe them away. Not until the last few words had I gathered the solemn meaning of the whole.

"Can it be possible he is dead?" I exclaimed.

"He is 'at home,' sir; he is there where for forty years he has dwelt upon getting, his poor worn body dragged out an existence which my husband says is enough to prove a lively example of how matter can be upon this side while the soul is beyond and feels and sees the things above through the spirit."

"You have given me an unexpected blow," I returned. "I was looking forward to hear more of the aged man's life. I had no idea when I spoke to him he was so near the other world. Poor old soul! Yet how beautiful an emblem of life. I could fancy the poor sufferer's incarceration in the asylum for forty long years to have been like a toilsome path of monotonous dreariness amid the thorns and briars. And hence the brain of the old man had cultivated in his hours of patience and fortitude that beautiful allegory." The sound of footsteps in the other chamber told of the approach of



"Smithers," and in a moment or so he entered, accompanied by his little boy. How can I express the sensation which I experienced at sight of the child! He was tiny and attenuated. A pale, spiritual face, with eyes (although hollow and red with weeping) which spoke that inexpressible sign of nearness to heaven.

He flew to his mother, and burst out weeping afresh. "I want to be with old Joseph; he told me to go, mother. Now, he has really gone home, and will not speak to me. He said I should go one day. Oh, let us all go and be happy; as happy as he is now."

The mother endeavoured to soothe him by telling him that she should see Joseph "one day," whilst I, with a choking in my throat, left them, and following Smithers into the asylum.

"My wife has of course told you, sir, of 'Old Joseph's' sudden death. It has been a great shock to everyone, for although he was a great age, and had been so many years a patient here, no one expected such a quick passing."

"Tell me," I said, "how it happened?"

"He must have died in the night, sir, in his sleep. The call-bell rang at six in the morning, but Joseph did not appear at prayers. At half-past seven, when breakfast was ready, and all the inmates in their places, his seat was still vacant, and he did not come. The attendant sent to his room (as for the last ten years, sir, he had been allowed this privilege, since he was so tractable). Finding no response to his call the man looked into the little chamber and thought Joseph was still asleep. However, he soon became aware that the poor old soul was asleep for all time here, and calling me from the lodge we went to the bedside. The bright morning sunshine poured in through the little window of his chamber and fell straight upon his face as he lay. And, indeed, he only looked asleep, sir. A smile was upon his lips, and his white hair fell upon the pillow like a silver aureole."

"He had his old Bible upon his bed, his spectacles lay aside, and one hand was upon the open page, where, well worn and marked were the words of Paul, 'For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.'"

"But you will go up and see him, sir? He seemed greatly taken with you, and he called out to you from the cart as we were bringing him back. 'Good-bye, gentleman, I have got a 'lift on,' Thank you kindly. Now I'll be at home to-night.' Poor old soul. And he was 'at home' that very night. Little thought I that my words to him would be true. When he first became an inmate we had considerable trouble with him. I say we because, although I was a lad here, I was always well acquainted with most of the patients. He has escaped three times really in the space of forty-five years."

"Alas! Nearly a lifetime," I murmured. We wended our way silently through the wards, up a flight of long stairs into a narrow kind of dormitory. Here, on opening an end door, was disclosed "Joseph," asleep upon a narrow, low bed. I say "asleep" advisedly, for the word "death" seemed to me totally out of place. The old man lay calm and placid, his hands crossed upon his breast, and a sweet, serene expression upon his marble features. I have never seen so impressive a countenance, though it has been my mission to attend many death-beds. His look of happiness passes my power of speech.

His bible now lay upon a little table at the side. Opening the cover, upon the fly-leaf I read the following words:—

"Joseph Downs. A present from his affectionate wife, Mary. July, 1845. 'And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come.'"

My heart leaped as I read the inscription.

"Poor old soul," I uttered. "Gone home after many years of suffering and waiting. God's holy blessing be with his spirit."

"I asked as we left the chamber, 'Where is he to be buried?'"

"In Northfield Churchyard," was the response, at which I started visibly, remembering the old man's first words to me.

"Northfield," I reiterated.

"His wife and child lie in the churchyard," said Smithers softly. It appears, years ago he bought a grave for the three and himself. Strangely enough his sole point of madness lay in his belief that Northfield was still his home, and that his wife and children were waiting for him.

"Yes, yes!" I interrogated. "Possibly the early associations of his life were indelibly stamped upon his mind, poor fellow. How was it he became incarcerated here?"

"Well, sir, nearly fifty years ago he married one of the prettiest of wives, and had a good little business as blacksmith at Northfield village, about six miles out of Birmingham. A thorough jovial, good-hearted fellow, I hear he was, too, but so easily led and free with his money, that any rogue could get it out of him, with the drink, too. Strange to say he was an excellent husband, and fond of his little home; but, as I said, an open channel to temptation."

It appears his poor wife fretted as she saw him day by day drifting amid the breakers, so that when the second child was born she faded away and died. After that, when Joseph was nigh beside himself with remorse, the two babies took the fever, and they died too. I have heard he sold up the home, and ran wild like a March hare, got into prison for being drunk many times, and when there brain fever set in. He never got over that. A few of the gentry round Northfield, knowing the sad case, subscribed together and got him in here, but he was incurable, and he has grown old under this roof, but was never 'vicious' for the last ten years. Everyone loved him, he had got quite resigned to his fate. He's going to Northfield Church-yard, as I said, and he will lie there with his wife and children. The only thing which troubles me is my little Johnnie," Smithers continued. "The lad is ailing and weak, and I am much afraid, though I dare not say it to the wife, the little chap will soon follow the old man. And he loved him too sir, whenever we missed the lad, we knew where to find him. Reading the bible with old Joseph, and talking about his 'home.'"

Would that every sane man had the childlike faith of that old wayfarer. "I will go to Northfield," I continued, in a week or two, and possibly will call here again. Keep up your heart con-

cerning the little boy. I bade the man a hearty adieu, and with many thoughts wended my way to my apartments in Birmingham.

Two months later I was again in the city, and one Saturday afternoon an irresistible desire crossed me to journey to Northfield in search of "old Joseph's" grave.

The little village, with its ancient church standing upon the summit of the hill, and rich in antiquities, nestled peacefully 'neath a coating of crisp hoar frost when I arrived.

It is a small "God's acre," yet one of the calmest spots on earth. I walked round, and at last observed the wooden head-piece of one of the graves was not yet replaced.

The grave was quite fresh, and the newly-painted covering was standing by the side. I read the inscription thereon with some sorrow, although it was a matter of relief to me that the last chapter of that mournful life-story had closed so peacefully.

"Sacred to the memory of Mary, the beloved wife of Joseph Downs, who died on the 21st of June, 1847. 'She hath done what she could.'"

"Also in memory of Elizabeth and Joseph, her two children, who were taken 'home' together August the 17th, 1847. 'The spirit and the bride say 'come.'"

I pondered momentarily of what text could be added to the last link of that sad episode.

The old man himself now lay here, for the last words ran:—"Also in memory of Joseph, husband of the above Mary. At peace."

Here in his body "at home." He was at Northfield now in reality, and no capturers would again draw him from the spot where all he loved lay, and where he had so longed to be. Let us think of him in the fairer home beyond, where, in symbolical hope, he had set his weary heart a task, and believing, found rest.

A few days later, just as the year was drawing to a close, I called again at the asylum, and asked after the kindly keeper and his wife and little one. A fresh face met me at the lodge, and I felt strangely upset by the words given in response to my inquiry. The man said, "Mrs. Smithers respects, sir, and begs you will excuse her; she is in sore trouble, for little Johnny has just breathed his last."

I turned silently away, and full of my own thoughts passed out from the shadow of those walls. And still deep in the reflection of that striking incident in my life write this simple story.

"The very interesting and pathetic narrative of Mr. Tetlow in your number of December 8th has called to memory an anecdote about a glaring eye, and a good man who passed over a year or two ago. Two friends met. They both professed and called themselves Christians. The one first alluded to, who was subject to visions, usually of a high order, told the other on this occasion that he had seen the evil one. The other, fully believing that the name of the evil one is Legion, asked his friend, 'How he looked?' 'Oh,' was the reply, 'he had such fierce eyes!' The other, who had met with something of the kind before, made the following reply, 'Whatever you do don't let him eye you down, for you are stronger than he is.' He could not have made this answer to everyone; but knowing his man he felt the potency and aptness of an apothegm fully appreciated by the person he was speaking to, 'Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world,' as a good reason why the glaring eye should be defied. The gentleman first alluded to was an intelligent, aged captain of merchant ships, a man of noble aspect, who, at the time I knew him, and up to his death, was the actual manager of a flourishing steam vessel company in a seaport town; and if any vessels were in danger, he it was who would take the command of a salvage steamer and go to the rescue. He was no mere visionary, nor a man whose word anyone about him doubted. I had known him for some time as a man of strong religious feeling, quoting scripture at every turn. But one day he startled me by backing an assertion with the words: 'The Lord said to me,' 'What!' I replied, 'Do you mean to say you heard the words spoken?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'As plainly as I hear you speaking now. And the Lord often, when I am anxious, repeats the first three verses of the forty-sixth psalm, laying stress on the words, 'Therefore we will not fear, though the waters roar and be troubled.' He always spoke of his interlocutor as the Lord Jesus. I wrote down this conversation almost immediately after it took place. 'This hearing voices,' I replied, 'has become, in these days, by no means uncommon.' And when he went on to say that 'he saw the dear Lord,' I merely remarked 'that those who hear have often the power of seeing likewise.' The ice being broken, the revelations of my friend found full play and filled me with astonishment. He told me that once, when sailing with a gentle wind and serene sky, the dear Lord told him to lower every sail. 'Dear Lord,' he answered, 'Thou hast never deceived me, and since it is thy will I will do as Thou orderest me.' So he at once gave the word of command. No sooner were the sails lowered than there came on a tremendous squall, 'blowing everything to shivers.' It was at the conclusion of this tempest the captain and his crew fell on their knees with thanksgivings. He went on to say that he was guided in fogs; and, instead of laying to, he would proceed boldly forward, avoiding other ships, and rocks, and headlands with perfect faith in his guide. I was able to cap my friend's tales with that of a commander in the navy being awake at nights by a spirit voice, which told him to go on deck, and he was thus saved from running on a cliff. I did not, however, add that the commander had to be pulled by the sleeve by the owner of the voice before he would turn out. I thought that might be a step in advance of my friend; moreover, in one so faithful in his beliefs, quite unnecessary."

WONDERER.

"We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves the ashes in our hands!"



## INTERESTING EXPERIENCES.

Richard Watson, the most intellectual man the Methodist Church ever had, in his commentary on Samuel, says: "The real Samuel appeared, and the message uttered is so much in character and so manifestly breathes the spirit of the divine commission, that containing, as it does, an explicit prediction which was exactly accomplished, we must conclude (let loose and sceptical commentators conjecture what they please) that there was no deception here. The account not only shows that the Jews believed in the doctrine of apparitions, but that, in fact, such an appearance on this occasion did actually occur, which answers all the objections which were ever raised, or can be raised, from the philosophy of the case, against the possibility of the appearance of departed spirits."

"From a letter received a day or two ago, from a non-spiritualist, dated the 2nd inst., I give the following extract, viz.: 'It will interest you to know that I heard a lecture this week by a leading Wesleyan minister—Dr. Downes, editor of *Great Thoughts*, at the close of which he told his audience that a friend of his, a prominent Wesleyan, had recently lost his wife in giving birth to a child, and the child had died a few days after. His friend wished to have a photograph of his dead wife. The photographer came, but found that every plate he took was blurred. On examining with a magnifying glass, it was found that the blurr resolved itself into an exact picture of his dead wife. The Dr. informed his hearers that the matter had been very seriously discussed that day by a committee of leading Wesleyans, at which he was present, and he vouched for its truth. The main object of his lecture had been to prove the immortality of the soul. There was no doubt, he believed, and wished his hearers to believe, that the spirit of the dead mother had been photographed along with her child, and that that was a proof of the existence of her spirit after death.'

A. SMEDLEY.

It is commonly asked, sceptically, "Did you ever see anyone who had seen a ghost?" "Why, certainly, I have," I answer. But who is likely to be convinced by that assertion unless they themselves have had the same good fortune?

A lady, now living, told me that, when a girl of sixteen, she was walking with her father on the chain pier at Brighton, and her uncle met them and asked if she might go to a ball which he was giving. As she was not "out" her father demurred, but was at last overborne. And the girl's dress was duly made, and, for her delight, hung up at the foot of the bed. About one in the morning she awoke, and saw a figure which she distinctly recognised as that of her grandfather, standing at the foot of her bed. And he said, "Fanny, you won't go to the ball and wear that dress; you will wear black for me." The next morning came the news of her grandfather's death, and she did not go to the ball or wear the dress, but wore black for him. I am at this moment staying in the house of a Government official, high up in her Majesty's service, who commenced his narrative, as people usually do their little boyish stories, with "Of course I don't believe in ghost, but (sic) a strange thing happened to me some years ago. I woke up and found an elderly man standing by my bed, and as he leaned over me I raised my head and struck at him; my hand seemed to pass through him, and he disappeared. But the odd thing was that my brother, who was sleeping in another room, complained in the morning that he, too, had been disturbed by the strangest noises in his room, but had seen nothing. Of course, I don't believe in ghosts generally, only I can't help believing in that one—because I saw it."

These are samples of innumerable similar stories, which, like the apples in a Canadian orchard, may be picked up in large quantities by any interested wayfarer. To me they suggest this question, "May not a surface more chemically sensitive than the human retina be able to receive impressions of things really objective, but to us invisible?"—Rev. Hawies.

Rev. Dr. Sprecher, of Cleveland, in a recent lecture upon "The Revival of Scientific Belief that Death Does not End All," said: "In the New York Evangelist of last week the editor relates the following incident from his own experience: 'Years ago we received a business letter involving the financial standing of a friend, the vice-president of a bank, in which he kindly warned us of his possible bankruptcy, but trusted our honour to protect that information from becoming public. Following his suggestion, we burned the letter promptly, without permitting it to pass into the hand of any second party, but prepared for a necessary trip when summoned by wire. Not an allusion to the friend or the message passed our lips, and yet the next morning the good wife repeated the whole contents of that letter as a part of her dream.' "Consider what is implied in this case. How did that letter get into the head of the editor's wife so completely that she could repeat every word of it to him the next morning? Certainly it did not come to her through any of the bodily senses. She did not see, hear, taste, smell, or touch it. If she had only dreamed that her husband had received a letter from a certain man and the general fact contained in it, we might explain the dream as a coincidence. But how could she get the whole contents of the letter so that she could repeat it all to her husband? Manifestly she got that letter without the use of any bodily sense. Her mind got it from the mind of her husband, or from the letter when it was in his hands, or from the man who wrote it at a distance. Now, how will materialists get along with such a fact. One of the fundamental doctrines of materialism is that we get all our information through the senses. But materialism insists that knowledge must first come through the senses in the first place. The mind may work up or work out something from knowledge got through the senses. If this were true, the doctrine that the mind is only a phenomenon of matter would have some ground to stand on. But here is a whole letter verbatim coming into the mind of this editor's wife through other avenues than the senses of the body." "It is no wonder that such facts have called a halt on the materialists."—*Religio Philosophical Journal*.

## SPONTANEOUS MATERIALISATIONS.

"Spontaneous materialisation, by the disembodied spirit apparently of its own volition and without any conscious co-operation from the earthly side, is a rare occurrence. A very interesting instance of it recently came under our notice in a private letter from a friend holding a Government appointment in a neighbouring colony, and at our earnest solicitation he has given us permission to publish it. At the time of the event narrated he had no knowledge of spiritualism, but his wife before her decease had seen and spoken to her father (who had pre-deceased her some years), and he had told her that she would shortly be with him. Just before her death she again saw him and heard him calling her. Some weeks after her decease our friend being ill himself was advised by his doctor to go to Moreton Bay for change of air. He did so, accompanied by an old and personal friend of his late wife and himself, leaving his little daughter in good health in the care of his mother and sisters, who one and all were devoted to her. We now take up the story as given in the letter:—'On landing from the steamer we were very cordially welcomed by our friend the superintendent of the station, who told us it was his eldest girl's birthday, and that they intended having some little jollification, but seeing I was in deep mourning, and learning from my friend my loss desired to lay aside their intended programme, as he did not think it would be consistent with my feelings. This, however, I would not sanction, as I failed to see why my sorrow should mar other people's happiness or innocent pleasure. With great reluctance he gave way, and knowing my friend to be a good pianist, I succeeded in getting him to help in affording any help he could give in that way. This was on a Saturday. Naturally I wandered away to a quiet nook away from the house, and eventually feeling tired I retired to a room which had been placed at the disposal of my friend and myself, and lost no time in spreading my blanket on the floor, because they (our host) had no spare beds to offer us. This was about 10 p.m., and I slumbered on quietly till my friend came in to do the same, which was shortly after midnight. Having undressed and lain down he remarked he was thirsty, and foolishly had not inquired where the water tanks were. Knowing where they were I told him I would get him some water, and without relighting the candle I unstrapped from my swag, which was then my pillow, a small tin pannikin, and went round to the opposite side of the building to the tank, returning with water, which I gave to my friend, who, after thanking me, said he was tired, and bid me "good night." Thinking he might or that I might like a drink of water later on I decided to return and bring another pannikin full, which I did, placing it on the floor at my head. The night was a starlight one, and to reach the tank I had to go through two gates, which were bolted. When I returned the second time I spoke to my friend, but getting no reply I naturally thought he was asleep. I then was about to lay down, but just as I was about to do so the whole room was illuminated with a peculiar soft light which made everything clearly visible to me, and at the same moment my wife appeared to me apparently quite well, kneeling with one knee on the floor, and placing her hand on my shoulder, then seeing my astonishment assured me it was herself, and that she still lived, bidding me to feel her which I doubtfully did, and was fully convinced she was no shadow of imagination. She then fondly embraced me, and bid me to be more cheerful, and rest assured that wherever I might be she would be with me. She next told me that little Annie, our daughter, was dangerously ill, and that I was to return next day to Brisbane with her brother John, and that the little one would get better the moment I arrived. Knowing her brother had up to the time of my leaving no intention to leave Brisbane I said so, but she said he has changed his mind and will land here at 6 a.m. to-morrow, with the intention of going further on a pleasure trip, but would on my request take me on board, re-cross the bay, re-enter the river and land me at the Hamilton, where I would find an omnibus about to start for Brisbane; that I was to go by it, and on reaching the ferry would find a boat waiting at the steps, and that on reaching my parent's house I would find my mother carrying little Annie on a pillow in her arms, and that the doctor would also be there. She then told me Annie would recover but would be with her in six months. Again embracing me and assuring me of her everlasting affection for me she disappeared as noiselessly and quickly as she came, and at once the room was in total darkness again. Almost at the same moment my friend woke and asked me who I was talking to, and assured me he distinctly heard my wife's voice wishing me "good bye." But fearing he might discredit my statement as to what had occurred I persuaded him he must have been dreaming. Singular to say, everything predicted came true, even to the death of my daughter. Can you therefore wonder at my confidence in Spiritualism and my earnest desire to be present at a good circle?"

In the foregoing we have concise and lucid evidence from a gentleman of probity and intelligence of the phenomena of materialisation, of spirit identity and of prevision. Our friend does not seek publicity, but said if we thought the publication which we desired would be useful he would only stipulate that all names but his own should be suppressed lest it might give offence to friends. If necessary to use his name we might do so. As in a narrative of this kind the endorsement of the narrator gives strength to it we avail ourselves of his permission. It is Justin E. C. MacCarthy.—*The Harbinger of Light*, Nov. 1, 1894.

A certain politician lately condemning the Government for their recent policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry."

WHAT NOAH WAS DOING.—While teaching a class of girls in a school recently, the master asked the following question: "What was Noah supposed to be doing when the animals were going into the Ark?" He received several answers. At last a little girl put her hand up. "Well," he said, "what do you say?" "Taking the tickets, sir!"



We may then in the knowledge of Immortality find life is worth living, because as Lizzie Doten so beautifully says:—

The morning came, and also came the end—  
I saw the great white calm of Death descend,  
And seal with peace the forehead of my friend.  
Then o'er my soul went surging to and fro  
A nameless longing, to more surely know  
That which my doubting soul had questioned so.  
I gently laid my hand upon that head—  
White with the snows the passing years had shed—  
"Was life worth living? Oh, my friend!" I said.  
And lo! as kindred souls in silence blend,  
He answered, "Be thou comforted, Oh, friend!  
Life is worth living. Death is not the end.  
"What was and is, and evermore shall be,  
Enfolds us all in its eternity,  
And blest indeed are those whom Death makes free."  
My soul was satisfied, I raised my eyes—  
Filled with the tears that would unbidden rise,  
And read life's lesson in the morning skies.  
Above the mists and shadows of the night  
The new-born day climbed up the golden height,  
And all the stars went inward, lost in light.  
Thus like the stars, our lives with life shall blend,  
And onward still from height to height ascend.  
Life is worth living. Death is not the end.

No. Spiritualists know that death is *not* the end, but that, as A. F. Colborne truly says:—

Softly come the hosts of wisdom,  
Bearing light unto the tomb;  
Rending this dark veil asunder,  
Flashing glory through the gloom.  
Now uprise the most despairing,  
See their tears are wiped away;  
Eyes are shining with the glimpses  
Of the bright, eternal day.  
Pentecostal winds are blowing,  
To unfold the banner free;  
See the blessed proclamation,  
"God and Immortality."

### LIFE ILLUMINED BY SPIRITUALISM.

How HARD it is to arrive at a satisfactory theory of this earth-life of man if we look at that life only in and for itself? From the animal point of view, what is it? Will any theory that leaves out God and the soul make life other than a dismal failure? How are we to understand life, or live it lovingly, or even account for it reasonably, without taking into view something beyond and above these earthly experiences?

Not merely the perplexities, the limitations, and the enigmas, but the very desires and satisfactions of life, have an outward, a distant reference, and point to an infinite station. The first blind gropings of our heart and conscience are so many strivings after a higher life and a Holy God; and we first comprehend our three-score years and ten when we look upon them as a fragment of eternity.

God does not mean that this prescience of the heart and these cravings of the affections shall be dimmed or dulled by the scepticism which a narrow physical science, ignoring all that it cannot weigh and probe and handle, would propagate. And so the supersensual phenomena of modern Spiritualism are permitted to convince us that there are powers latent in man, which point unerringly to a fuller life after this. These phenomena, like everything else in this universe, have their mysteries and perplexities, but this merely shows that all is meant for our study and to exercise our mental activities.

And with the habitual recognition of the Spirit-world and a future life, what ought to follow? In the first place, a sense of immortality ought to reconcile us to the inequalities, the trials, and the incongruities of this world. Regarding life here as the opening scene of an endless career, it is easy to elicit from it this assurance; that all will come out right at last. "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Again, a proper sense of immortality ought not only to reconcile us to life, whatever it may be, but also to death, whenever it may come. Unless our present life is a mere excrescence, it must have some connection with the life to come. The answer to the question, "What is this connection?" lies in the belief that God has placed us here with a view to such an excitement and development of our moral and spiritual nature as will qualify us for action and enjoyment in another world under a different constitution of things.

Many look on death as if it would put a period to our progress; but, in point of fact, it is intended to prevent a period being put to our progress. This life is one step in our being, and but one step; we die that we may take another.

How often have pious souls exclaimed, "O, for a full and satisfactory knowledge of my immortality!" But when we get that knowledge, do we feel its power as we ought? Do we take it in, and conform our every thought and act to the stupendous truth? Immortality! The undying nature of the soul! The dissolution of husks and envelops merely—not of the individual! change, but no death!

Ah! not merely to know, but to feel and appreciate the sublime fact, is the great desideratum: to regulate our lives by it as faithfully as we do our business movements by our clocks and watches; to do all as for eternity, and in the sight of God and of clouds of witnesses, by whom our very thoughts are read! If such considerations cannot inspire us with the elements of a noble and purifying religion, then torpid and impenetrable must be our hearts.

The turning-point in every man's religious experience is not when he says, "I believe," but when he says, "I will." And so in regard to the great doctrine and fact of immortality: it is not whether we believe it, but whether we live it.

How is it that some men, as confident of their immortality as of their present existence, yet fail to manifest in their lives any pervading sense of the transcendent fact, and live as if there were no Supreme Intelligence, no myriads of spiritual witnesses, no divine standard of absolute goodness, purity, and right, no universal laws, under whose operation sin works its own inevitable punishment?

Ah! we must have the receptive, appreciative soul, quick as the apple of the eye to recoil from the touch of evil—we must have this as well as the mere knowledge that death is not the end of our individuality.

It was not the swinging of a lamp in the cathedral of Pisa, nor the falling of an apple in the garden at Woolsthorpe, but the fact that the first was observed by a Galileo, the second by a Newton, which has made these events so fruitful of consequences to science. And so it is not the simple knowledge of immortality, but the lasting emotions, the high thoughts, and noble resolves, and far-reaching aspirations, which that pregnant fact awakens, that are to be fruitful in results of everlasting good to our spiritual life.

### CHRISTMAS DREAMS.

While the chimes so pure and deep,  
Ring across the fallen snow,  
Wearied as we fall asleep,  
Dreams within our eyelids creep,  
Tender dreams of long ago.  
Dreams of childhood's golden hours,  
Sheltered by a mother's care;  
What a happy world was ours,  
Lit with sunshine, strewn with flowers,  
Sunny morn and evening fair.  
Then appears the schoolboy stage,  
With a wealth of learning's lore,  
Writings of the seer and sage,  
Still unfolding page by page,  
Wonders never known before.  
Later, hopes of love, and bliss  
In our manhood's heart abode  
O the joy of maiden's kiss!  
Sure no sons of earth would miss  
Such a balm by heav'n bestowed.  
Soon the youthful wedded pair  
Journey onward hand in hand;  
Finding life has carking care,  
Finding life is not all fair,  
Yet true love will change withstand;  
Little children, buds of heaven,  
Pluck the skirt, and take the hand,  
Angel beings to us given  
Lest our careworn hearts be riven  
Wholly from the Better Land.  
Weeping o'er the dashed sod,  
Where our loved one's lie at rest,  
Bending stricken 'neath the sod  
We, who paths of life have trod  
Now have reached the golden west,  
Old and grey we fall on sleep  
Tender dreams of long ago  
Angel-like your vigils keep,  
While the chimes so pure and deep  
Ring across the fallen snow.

Russell Crawford.



# **IMPORTANT POINTS FOR CHRISTIANS.**

By REV. MOSES HULL, FROM THE "PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

WHEN Christianity supplanted paganism it found many almost world-wide heathen institutions. Their great festivals could not be disestablished. Had Christianity not accepted the heathen Christmas, the heathen Saturnalia, and the heathen Easter, it could never have gained a foothold among the lovers of pleasure.

I do not deny that the man whom the world calls Jesus ever existed; on the other hand, I incline to the opinion that he did exist, and that he was crucified. I do deny that he was born on Christmas Day. I deny the wonderful events said to have been connected with his birth, his life, and his death. I deny that any of the Old Testament prophecies have any reference to him. I deny that he was miraculously conceived and born. I deny also that Christmas was originally a Christian festival.

As Matthew is received with more authority than either Mark or Luke, who, it is admitted, are only relating second-hand stories, I prefer to take the story as related by one who it is generally supposed was an eye-witness of much that he relates.

Of the book of Matthew, Rev. John Chadwick in his "Bible of To-day," pp. 273-274, says:

"To suppose that the Apostle Matthew wrote our present gospel, based, as it is, on various prior documents, is manifestly absurd. Not until the year 173 A.D. is it ascribed to him, and what is more, there is no evidence until about this time of the existence of the gospel in its present form."

This relieves the Apostle Matthew of the responsibility of the errors of this book.

In Matt. ii. 2, the "wise men" are represented as coming from the East; that is, the Magi, from farther India, and saying: "Where is he that is born king of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him."

Did any Christian ever stop to consider the absurdity of that story? This star—the star *Vindimatrix*, mother of wine—the Star of Bethlehem, arose for only a few moments at midnight on the night of the 24th of December; and yet, as the story goes, Christmas morning finds these Indian Magi in Jerusalem, enquiring of the ignorant Jews where their king was; they had been led there by his star, and wanted to worship him. These wise men were great sailors! They had somehow rounded the Cape of Good Hope, travelling thousands of miles by water, and travelled many miles by land, and had got there on Christmas morning, loaded down with Christmas presents. Just think of it! Frankincense and myrrh! What could he do with them? I would as soon think of making a new-born babe a present of a lump of aloes. Remember, these wise men never thought of the Godhood of Jesus. That was an after invention. They supposed it was a Jewish king—not a God, to whom they were offering their adorations.

Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, in his oft-repeated attack on Spiritualism, has much to say about spiritualistic dreams and dreamers. He advises all who find themselves inclined to dream, to "take a dose of bilious medicine."

I wonder if it ever occurred to him, that except Joseph's five dreams, as recorded in Matthew, and the girl's story as recorded by Luke—the two worst possible witnesses in the world—there is not in all the world a scrap of evidence of the miraculous conception of Jesus. If eternal salvation depends on the evidence of the miraculous conception, I am not astonished that Watts said:

"Great God, on what a slender thread  
Hang all eternal things."

First dream: When Joseph found that his intended wife was soon to become a mother, his first thought was, "Well, I love the girl; I will not expose her; I will simply break off the match." He went to sleep with that thought uppermost in his mind; but the thing was changed by a dream. Matthew says "But while he thought on those things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, 'Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary, thy wife; for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost.'" This settled the matter; he dreamed that an angel told him his girl was all right; and the millions of Christians who could not be induced to believe a like story concerning their own daughters believe this story without a particle of evidence of its truth except Matthew's representation of the dreams of this love-sick old widower.

Second: The second dream is recorded in Matt. ii. 12, as follows: "And being warned of God in a dream, that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way."

Third: The third dream is recorded in the next verse: "And when they were departed, behold the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, 'Arise and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be there until I bring thee word; for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him.'"

Fourth: Verse 19 contains the fourth dream. It says: "But when Herod was dead, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying, 'Arise, and take the young child and his mother and go into the land of Israel; for they are dead which sought the young child's life.'"

Fifth: In verse 22nd is his fifth dream. "But when he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judea in the room of his father, Herod, he was afraid to go thither; notwithstanding, being warned of God in a dream, he turned aside into the parts of Galilee; and he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, he shall be called a Nazarene."

This last dream shows Joseph, on whose dreams all Christianity hangs, to be as wild a dreamer as Dr. Talmage imagines Spiritualists to be; or, it may be that Matthew was wild in either his description of the dream or in his reference to scripture. I have a chromo for the Christian who will find where any prophet, or where any other writer before Matthew ever said, "He shall be called a Nazarene." The fact is there is no such text; and the monk who attempted in this gospel to make Jesus a subject of prophecy was either very ignorant or intended to impose on the ignorance of his readers.

In Judges xiii. 5, there is a prediction concerning Sampson—not Jesus—which says: "No razor shall come on his head, for the child shall be a Nazarite unto God from the womb, and he shall begin to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines." Is it possible the writer of Matthew had heard of this text, and that he did not know a Nazarite from a Nazarene? A Nazarite was one who had taken a certain vow upon himself; a Nazarene was one who was born in Nazareth. Jesus was not a Nazarite, and only in a secondary sense could he be called a Nazarene.

I shall, in this paper, wave the argument that Jesus, himself, is not an historical character—that all history that refers to him is spurious—but there are other facts I cannot pass by in silence. "We have seen his star in the East." Is there an astronomer on earth who believes that a new star was created for this occasion—that a different star was seen in the East than those which had been observed for ages in the past? The fact is, this was written when it was supposed that the stars were only small lights fastened to the firmament of the heavens, and the putting in of an extra star for a night or two would make no more difference in the order of the heavenly bodies than the lighting of an extra lamp would make in a farm house. They were therefore prepared to believe that this star could not only point the way to an insignificant village, but could point out and actually go into a stable as a farmer could take a lantern into his barn.

The Apostolic Father, Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, in his Fourth Epistle to the Ephesians, says:

"How, then, was our Saviour manifested to the world? A star shone in heaven, beyond all the other stars, and its light was inexpressible, and its novelty struck terror unto men's minds. All the rest of the stars, together with the sun and moon, were in chorus to this star, but this sent out its light exceedingly above them all."

In Gal. ii. 7, Paul refers to "The Gospel of the Circumcision." There is a book now bearing that title; Paul's reference to such a gospel was sufficient reason to induce some monk to palm such a book on the world. In that book the writer informs his readers that the star not only guided the wise men to the stable, but that it actually went into the stable. His words are:

"Behold it (the stable) was all filled with lights, greater than the lights of lamps and candles, and greater than the light of the sun itself." Quoted by Rev. Albert Taylor, in "Devil's Pulpit," 1837.

## **JESUS WAS NOT BORN ON CHRISTMAS.**

Does anybody who has studied the question believe that Jesus was born on Christmas?—that shepherds were at that time of the year out watching their flocks by night—that people at that time went up to the annual taxing? The Jews by their own laws and customs had settled all their bills and squared themselves with the world in September. There are the scales—the balances; there every account must be adjusted.

D. M. Bennett collates the following:—"As to the real time of the birth of Jesus, there is no agreement among those who claim to be authorities on the subject, and the most bitter contests have existed among Christian writers. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, inclined to the opinion that his birth occurred in the month of February. Weiesler, a German chronologer, and Tichenor were of the same opinion; while Gresswell, another German writer, decided that it occurred on the 5th or 6th of April. Dr. Robinson was of the opinion that it took place in the autumn. Lardner says Jesus was born between the middle of August and the middle of November. The only correct conclusion that can be arrived at is that Jesus was not born on the 25th day of December, and it is not the only curious circumstance in connection with him that a day is celebrated as his birthday on which he was not born; but the day was adopted by the early Christian church because for many centuries it had been a heathen festival."

Matt. ii. 16 to 18, says:

"Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceedingly wroth, and sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken of by Jeremy the prophet, saying, in Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not."

Does anybody believe that? What mothers of the vicinity of Chicago, and all along the coast of Lake Michigan, could to-day be induced to bring their babies in for the Mayor to slaughter? Probably there was not one Bethlehem mother in a thousand that would not have fought her weight in wild cats before she would have submitted to have seen her babies slaughtered? Yet no mother, nor any one else, seemed to offer any resistance to this bloodthirsty tyrant. More strange, if possible, than all this, no historian ever thought the matter of importance enough to make a note of the fact.

In order to remove the suspense of the reader, and to give him a kind of foregleam of the astrological interpretation of this class of Scripture I submit the following from Rev. Robert Taylor's "Devil's Pulpit," pp. 23, 24.

"In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children.' Why in Rama? What is Rama? Why, Rama is the Hindostanee, Coptic, Syriac, Phœnician, word and literal name for the Zodiac; the high, the elevated, the exalted. And this whole tale of the birth of Christ is found in the Bagvat Pournā of India; in the Mythrics of Persia, and in the fabulous writings of Zoroaster, the supposed contemporary of Moses. As turn to the old astronomy ascribed to Moses, you will find that Rachel had but two sons, which were Joseph and Benjamin, and there they are to this day in Rama, the two boys of the Zodiac; as Joseph and Benjamin are together accounted as making up but one of the twelve signs; and this King Herod is no other than such a sort of personage as our English John Bull—he never grows old—he never goes dead—but he is the bloody King Herod, the naughty man that comes and takes away the naughty children. As we find the grave historian,



Eusebius, assuring us that the martyrdom of Polycarp, in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, at Smyrna, two hundred years after the pretended date of this affair, took place by order of this self-same King Herod, notwithstanding the worms eating him up; as they do every year when he enters the sign of the scorpion, of October."

#### THE STORY OF JESUS' DEATH.

The events which the writer of "the Gospel according to St. Matthew" says occurred at the death of Jesus, were indeed wonderful, but are they true? If so, is it not strange that neither of his supposed contemporary gospel writers, Mark, Luke or John, ever heard of the most important of them; and no other writer ever mentioned any of them? Matthew says, in chapter xxvii: 51, 53: "Behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city and appeared unto many."

How strange that nobody but Matthew and his readers ever heard of these events? On this point the sarcastic Gibbon says, vol. 2, chapter 15:

"How shall we excuse the supine inattention of the pagan and philosophic world to those evidences which were presented by the hand of omnipotence, not to their reason, but to their senses? This miraculous event, which ought to have excited the wonder, the curiosity, and the devotion of mankind, passed without notice in an age of science and history. It happened during the lifetime of Seneca, and the elder Pliny, who must have experienced the immediate effects, or received the earliest intelligence of the prodigy. Each of these philosophers, in a laborious work, has recorded all the great phenomena of nature—earthquakes, meteors, comets, and eclipses, which his indefatigable curiosity could collect; both the one and the other have omitted to mention the greatest phenomena to which the mortal eye has been witness since the creation of the globe."

This is the way Gibbon, the historian, has of saying the story of Jesus' death and resurrection, or at least the wonderful events connected with his death and resurrection, are not true. "The veil of the temple was rent in twain from top to bottom." The Jews were worshipping in that temple every day, and kept it up for twenty-five years; how strange that not one of them ever heard of this tearing up the veil to pieces. Has the reader never thought how indefinite those wonderful things are? "Many bodies of the saints which slept, arose." How many? Who were they? Why not call at least one or two of them by name? Were Moses, Joshua, or "the harlot Rahab," whom Paul canonized, among them?

Again, where did these "saints" go? "They went into the holy city and appeared to many." What holy city? What became of these "saints" after they got through with their exhibition? Did they go back to their open graves and get the undertaker to cover them up once more? Really, I wish we had more of this story!

#### PROPHECIES OF JESUS.

When Christians are pinned down in this matter, they tell about the prophecies being fulfilled in Jesus. May I ask what prophecies? Matthew thought prophecy centred in Jesus, but failed to make out a case. The first attempt to find a prophecy fulfilled in Jesus is in i. 22, 23: "Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted is, God with us."

Matthew may have been right; all this may have been done that the prophecy might be fulfilled in the event. Yet either those who did it, or the one who related it, was ignorant of prophecy. In Isaiah vii. is a prophecy made to Ahaz, the son of Jotham, that a confederacy formed against him should not succeed: he should beat the combination; and that within threescore and five years "Ephraim should be broken, that he be not a people." He then asked Ahaz to ask a sign that this should be accomplished, but Ahaz refused to tempt his God by asking a sign. Then Isaiah said: "Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign: behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel. Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil and choose the good. For before the child shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her kings." Verses 14, 16.

This child was to be born as a sign that "Ephraim should be broken, that he be not a people," and that all this should be accomplished within three score and five years. Scholars tell us that the word rendered "virgin" is the same that is elsewhere rendered young woman. The next chapter gives the history of a child born to Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah, which, in fulfilment of this prophecy, they called Maher-shalal-hash-baz. Certainly the birth of Jesus, seven hundred years after, does not fulfil the prediction. The child was to be born as an evidence that certain things were to transpire within sixty-five years of the time of the prediction. Isaiah says the child should be named Immanuel, but neither the child of the prophetess nor the child of the "virgin" had that name. In fact, no part of Isaiah's prophecy was ever fulfilled.

The next plunge Matthew makes into prophecy is as follows:

"And they said unto him, in Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophet: And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah; for out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel." Matt. ii. 5, 6. Whoever will take the trouble to turn and read Micha v. 2-7, will find the prediction Matthew made an attempt to quote; not one word of which was fulfilled in Jesus. This governor or ruler which was to come out of Bethlehem was to "waste the land of Assyria with the sword," and "the land of Nimrod," also he was to deliver the Jews from the Assyrians. Jesus never delivered them from anybody.

The next effort to find a prophecy fitting the case is in Matt. ii. 14, 15: "And was there until the death of Herod; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying,

out of Egypt have I called my son." If this was done to fulfil the prophecy, it was a failure, as every one can see who will turn to Hosea xi. 1, 2: "When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt. As they called them, so they went from them; they sacrificed unto Baalim, and burned incense unto graven images." As Jesus did not sacrifice unto Baal, or burn incense to graven images, this so-called prophecy will hardly apply to him. In the days of Moses, when Israel was a child, Israel was called out of Egypt.

I have already quoted Matt. ii. 17, about the "lamentation and bitter weeping." Any one who will take the trouble to read Jer. xxxi. 15 to 17, will see that this does not refer to Herod killing the babies, but to the return of the children of Israel—the sons and daughters of Rachel, from the land of the enemy to their own borders.

The only remaining prophecy supposed by the writer of Matthew to connect itself with the birth of Jesus is the one which says: "Behold, he shall be called a Nazarene." As there never was any such prophecy, it is useless to comment further on Matthew's mistake.

The prophecies supposed to be connected with the death of Jesus were as thorough failures as those supposed to refer to his birth. The main one is in Matt. xxii. 7, 9, "And they took council and bought with them the potter's field to bury strangers in. Wherefore that field was called the field of blood unto this day. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying, and they took the thirty pieces of silver, the price of him that was valued, whom they of the children of Israel did value; and gave them for the potter's field." If the term Jeremy refers to Jeremiah, as it evidently does in Matt. ii. 17, then the thing is all wrong. Jeremiah never said a word about purchasing the field, or anything else mentioned in the pretended quotation. Indeed, no prophet ever uttered anything like the quotation. The nearest approach to it that can be found is in Zach. xi. 12, 13. It reads as follows: "And I said unto them, if ye think good, give me my price; and if not, forbear. So they weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver. And the Lord said unto me, cast it unto the potter; a goodly price that I was praised of them. And I took the thirty pieces of silver, and cast them to the potter, in the house of the Lord."

Here it was Zachariah who sold out and cast the money to the potter. In Matthew it was the chief priests who bought the field. Judas cast the silver down, and went and hanged himself. See verse 5. In Acts 1, 18, Judas bought the field, and then fell down and his bowels gushed out. Which is right?

In conclusion on this branch of the subject, I will say these wonderful stories of the miracles and the fulfilment of prophecy in the birth and death of Jesus were not invented until the church decided to make a God of him. The idea of deifying Jesus caused the invention of these and many other stories concerning him. The gospels, particularly those of Matthew and John, were, for the most part, taken from older documents.

#### THE GOSPELS NOT ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS.

At the time Jesus was supposed to have existed, it is well known that there was a class of people called Ascetics, or Essenes. Many of these people lived in Egypt, but this sect had made some progress in Palestine, especially in the northern portion, where Jesus was supposed to have spent his youthful days. These people, on account of being healers of the sick, were sometimes called Therapeutae. They were also sometimes called Eclectics. These people had several gospels, embodying the highest moral principles known. Mosheim says (vol. I., p. 196): "It was in Egypt that the morose discipline of Asceticism took its rise. . . . It was here the Essenes dwelt principally, long before the coming of Christ."

Again, on page 199, he says, "It manifestly appears, from the testimony of Philo the Jew, who was himself one of this sect, that this philosophy was in a flourishing condition at Alexandria, when our Saviour was upon the earth."

Though this sect was in a flourishing condition before Jesus came into the world, yet Eusebius is quoted by Lardner, in his Cred. Gosp. Hist., vol. 2, p. 361, as saying, "Those ancient Therapeutae were Christians, and their writings were our gospels and epistles."

Again he says, "The sacred writings used by this sect were none other than our gospels and the writings of our apostles." Eus. b. i. p. 186.

Bishop Marsh, in his introduction to Michaelis' Translation of the New Testament, says, "Our gospels were drawn from the epistles of the Essenes."

Again: "The opinion that the evangelists drew a great part of their materials from a written document is perfectly consistent."

Bausobre says: "In my opinion, the gospel according to the Hebrew is the most ancient of all. This, the Nazarenes pretend, was the original from which that of St. John was taken. . . . That which has been called the gospel according to the Egyptians is of the same antiquity."

I fear that this is becoming tedious, and will therefore withhold testimonies I have from Justin Martyr, Clemens Alexandrinus, Lactantius Arnobius, Origen, St. Augustine, and others.

In Luke i. 1, 2, the writer says: "Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us, even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word."

In 1 Cor. xv. 1, 4, Paul is reminding them of a gospel which they had heard from the beginning—a gospel wherein they stood. He also told them that Jesus died, was buried, and rose again, according to the Scriptures. As those events occurred long before a word of our New Testament was written, it could not refer to that; and as there is not a word in the Old Testament relating to the matter, it could not refer to that. It must and does refer to an entirely different set of Scriptures.

In Acts xviii. 24, is the account of one Apollos, born at Alexandria, an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures, who came to Ephesus. Alexandria in Egypt is a queer place for a man



to get a Christian education! But here is an educated minister from Alexandria. How is this? I answer, they had Christian colleges in Alexandria before the supposed founder of Christianity was born.

#### THE CHURCH AND ALL ITS INSTITUTIONS BEFORE JESUS.

Matt. xviii., 17, says: "And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church; but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican." How could they tell it to the church if the church did not exist?

In I. Cor. xi: 23, 26, Paul says: "I have received from the Lord that which I also delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus in the same night in which he was betrayed took bread, and when he had given thanks he brake it and said, take, eat, this is my body, which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner, also, he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, this cup is the new testament, in my blood; this do ye, as oft as ye drink it in remembrance of me. For as oft as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come."

Now when it is remembered that this epistle was written before either of the four gospels, and when it is remembered again that Paul's quotation is not in either of the four gospels, it will be easy to see that Paul and the gospel writers could draw from a common original. See Luke xii: 19, 20.

In Acts xx., 35, Paul says: "I have showed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak; and remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said: It is more blessed to give than to receive." Where did Jesus say this? It is not recorded in either of the four gospels. Either Paul is palming something off on his readers as the words of Jesus which were not his words, or he had access to some of those original gospels out of which ours were largely drawn.

Paul said that the gospel which he preached was an old one; it had "been preached to every creature which was under the whole heaven" before he wrote the epistle to the Colossians. See Col. i., 23.

Paul admonished the foolish Galatians that "Christ had been set forth crucified among them." See Gal. iii. 1. Surely Jesus was not crucified in Galatia. The Bible knows of but two crucifixions of Jesus—one, as everybody knows, in Jerusalem, and one in a city which "spiritually is called Sodom, in Egypt." Rev. xi. 18.

"Prometheus Bound" is the title of a play written in Greek by Æschylus, and played in the theatres at Athens at least five hundred years before Christ. Fötter's English translation is said to be the best. Has the reader ever analysed the two words—Prometheus and Pro-vi-dence? The two words mean the same thing.

#### ESCUAPIUS AND JESUS.

The likeness between these two gods is so great that if Esculapius had not been put into song and story five hundred years before our story of the cross, we would accuse the heathen of having stolen our God. Let us see a few things Esculapius did which were afterward done by our Jesus.

1. Esculapius came down from heaven—that is to say, he fell over the horizon. It was Adam's fall that brought him down.

2. He became incarnate.

3. Was crucified on Mount Caucasus.

4. He descended into hell; was raised again the third day, and ascended into heaven.

This was played every year for over five centuries in the popular theatres. The audience became participators in the play, as they were informed that their sins caused his sufferings. The Marys were always there; and at the termination of the tragedy a female voice would sing:

"Lo, streaming from the fatal tree,  
His all-atoning blood—  
Is this the infinite? 'Tis he—  
Esculapius and a God.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God, the great Esculapius, died  
For man the creature's sin."

Esculapius was also a Saviour. Ovid sang of him as Christians do of their Saviour. If it was not known that the following was written concerning Esculapius before Jesus was born, Christians might suppose that a brand-new inspiration had struck Dr. Watts, enabling him to sing of his Jesus, but it happens to come from the heathen poet Ovid, and applies to Esculapius:

"Once, as the sacred infant she surveyed,  
The God was kindled in the roving maid;  
And thus she uttered her prophetic tale:  
Hail! Great physician of the world, all hail!  
Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come  
Shall heal the nations and defraud the tomb.  
Swift be thy growth, thy triumphs unconfined;  
Make kingdoms higher, and increase mankind.  
Thy daring art shall animate the dead,  
And draw the thunder on thy guilty head;  
Then thou shalt die, but from the dark abode  
Shall rise victorious, and be twice a God."

#### THE SUN A GOD.

It is well known that many ancient nations worshipped the sun. The sun was the source of light, heat and life, and was for this and other reasons worshipped as a God.

The Bible-makers said: "Then spake Joshua to the Lord, in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, and he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still and the people stayed until the people avenged themselves upon their enemies." Josh. x., 12, 14.

In this connection, did space permit, I would show that the cross and the sign of the cross were both institutions many hundred years before Jesus was put on a cross. In Egypt crosses were erected all along the Nile, to show the people how high to build their houses and to stack their grain. When a superstitious people

saw that the Nile never rose above that cross, they concluded there was some power in the cross to keep the Nile down, and hence they used the cross as a kind of fetich, as many good Christians do to-day.

#### THE TRUE EXPLANATION OF ALL THESE THINGS.

1. The path of the sun on the ecliptic was by the ancients supposed to be between two parallel lines sixteen degrees apart.

2. This space was called the Zodiac, and was divided into three hundred and sixty degrees. These were divided into four right angles of ninety degrees each, and these into twelve signs of thirty degrees each.

3. These signs were called constellations.

I. January: Janus, John the Baptizer, or Bi-Frons Aquarius.

II. February: Pisces, Fishes, Famine, or Death.

III. March: Aries, the Lamb, young, tender.

IV. April: Taurus, the Bull.

V. May: Gemini; the Twins.

VI. June: Cancer or Crab—retrograde motion.

VII. July: Leo—Lion, heat.

VIII. August: Virgo—Virgin.

IX. September: Scales, Balances.

X. October: Scorpion, or Great Red Dragon.

XI. November: Sagittarius, Archer, Centaur.

XII. December: Capricornus, the Goat.

With this explanation the careful reader will be prepared to follow and appreciate my argument. All these religious tragedies, whether heathen or Christian, had a common foundation; and that foundation was the fictitious death and burial of the sun.

Before introducing the following testimony from Rev. Robert Tayler, allow me to say, Mithra and Zoroaster are one and the same. Now, take the word Zoroaster to pieces and see what it is. Zor—God, Aster—Star. From which we have Easter, astronomy, etc. Mr. Taylor says:

"The birth of the god Mithra, from the days of an infinitely remote antiquity, was represented to have taken place in a stable, and was celebrated throughout the whole pagan world on none other than the 25th of December—our Christmas day, the most celebrated of all the magian festivals; where, if you rectify your celestial globes to the moment of twelve o'clock at midnight, between the 24th and 25th of December, you will find the constellation of the stable of Bethlehem, in which Christ is said to have been born. The moment he achieves his first degree of ascension at the lower meridian, while you shall see the constellation of the Virgin, who is said to bring him forth (in no disparagement to her eternal virginity), at that moment come to the line of the horizon; and may be thus said to preside over his nativity. . . Justin Martyr . . . actually draws the parallel between Christ and Mithra, that Christ was born on the same day when the sun takes his annual birth in the stable of Augeus. That is in the station of the celestial goat, where is actually placed the stable of Augeus, in the sixth labour of Hercules."—Devil's Pulpit, pp. 41, 42.

The astrological is the only satisfactory solution of these otherwise mythical tragedies. Be it remembered that all these saviours were born on the 25th day of December; and let it be remembered further, that all these stories of saviours or avatars, except our Christ, were explained as astrological characters.

Let us now carry the whole scene to the heavens, and begin our investigations precisely at midnight following the 24th day of December. If with the wise men of the east we would see his star in the east and go to worship him, let us, as they did, look to the east. Sure enough, there is the star—the star Vindimatrix; that is, Mother of Life or Mother of Wine. The star stands over where the child is born precisely at the time the star is seen rising; it also stands over the stable—the Augean stable, which Hercules cleaned out—the stable where all the Christs were born. Not less than sixteen of them have been enumerated as having been born in this stable. Do you ask why they are born here? I answer, we are in the constellation Capricornus, and have just got out of Sagittarius, the places where horses and goats are kept.

Here at each recurring Christmas eve will be found your Marys, your Majas, your Maus, your Myrrhas, etc., every one of them mothers of Saviours of the world. Down in the sea they can be seen now, for they have not yet arisen out of bed. That star in the elbow is the star Vindimatrix; it will be christened on the eighth day, that is January 1.

Lydia Maria Child says in Prog. Rel. Ideas, Vol. 1, p. 172:

"The twenty-fifth day of December was a festival in honour of the birthday of Horus. The commemoration of that day, both in ancient Hindostan and ancient Egypt, was probably owing to the fact that the sun at that period begins to return from the winter solstice."

From the word Mary we have the word "mare," because we have associated that word with the constellation Sagittarius; and, beholding the Virgin arising at that time, we give her the name Mary. Originally this was a nautical word, having reference to the sea. From this we derive our word marine. It is the same as Miriam, who, it will be remembered, became white as the foam of the sea. She passed over the sea dry shod; but when Sagittarius undertook to follow her he was overthrown. Then it was that Miriam sang: "The horse and his rider he hath thrown into the sea." See Ex. xv., 21.

Our Christian friends have much to say about the Lamb of God; they ask us to sing:—

"Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Are saved to sin no more."

Jesus is a lamb; the church pats us on the back for saying that, but our faith goes farther; we say more; he is not only a lamb but he is a whole menagerie. In December he is a goat; in February he is a fish; in March he is Aries, a male lamb; in April he is Taurus, a male calf; in June he is a crab; in July he is a lion, "the lion of the tribe of Judah"; in October he is a scorpion; in November he is a horse. Beside all that, he is a two-faced man in



January, and a pair of twins in May. If my faith on this matter embraces more of the animal kingdom than does the faith of the average Christian, it is because I have read and thought more on the subject than he has.

(To be concluded.)

### HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS.

ACCRINGTON. 26, China Street.—Saturday, Dec. 29: Meat tea; tickets 9d. A hearty welcome to all. Good programme.

ACCRINGTON. Tabernacle, Whalley Road.—Christmas Day, at 4 p.m., tea party and entertainment; adults 1s., under 12 years, 6d.

ACCRINGTON. St. James' Street.—Look out for beef and ham tea and social, Saturday, 29; tickets 9d., children under 12 yrs., 6d.

ASHTON.—Annual meat tea on the 25th, and an entertainment by a troupe of minstrels.

BATLEY CARR. Town Street.—Sale of work, tickets 9d. and 6d., on Dec. 31. New Year's Eve, a pie supper at 9 p.m., to which we invite all friends, tickets 6d. It is intended that we finish the year and begin the new after a good repast and meeting.—J. A.

BIRMINGHAM UNION.—2nd Annual Conversation, Wednesday, Jan. 9, New Gallery, Barwick-street, 7-30 to 12 o'clock. Kindly note.

BLACKBURN. Northgate.—New Year's Day: Tea party at 4-30, entertainment at 7, tickets 1s.; under 12, 6d. All welcome.

BLACKPOOL LIBERAL CLUB. Church Street.—Friends please remember the second anniversary on Jan. 6, and annual tea and concert on Jan. 7, in Station Coffee Palace. Mr. F. Hepworth on both dates.—W.H.

BOLTON. Bradford Street.—Tea party and entertainment on Saturday, Dec. 29. Songs, duets, recitations, etc. Tickets 8d. and 6d.

BRADFORD. Manchester Road, Jesse Street. Jan. 1, New Year's Day, coffee supper at 6 o'clock, followed by entertainment and social. Tickets 4d., entertainment 2d.

BRADFORD. Horton (Spicer Street).—Dec. 30, at 2-30, a musical service; at 6 p.m., the service of song, "Rest at Last." Both will be given by members of the Otley-road Lyceum, conducted by Mr. Jackson. Dec. 31, pie supper at 7-30 and social.

BRADFORD. Milton Hall.—Lyceum ham tea at 5 and concert at 7-30 on Saturday, Dec. 29, 1891. This will surpass all others; Mr. J. Foulds chairman; tickets, 9d., adults, children 6d. and 4d. Sunday, Dec. 30, Special Lyceum Day: Mrs. Wood, of Scarr Hill, will speak; hymn sheets provided; collections in aid of Lyceum.—F. L. Scheu, secretary.

CLECKHEATON.—Opening day Jan. 6, 1895. Speakers: Messrs. J. Pawson and Webster, of Batley; Cliffe of Ossett; Gill, J. H. Smith, J. Smith and Whitehead, of Bradford. We intend making this a red-letter day. Tea provided in Walker-street, Northgate, at 4d. Services in Oddfellow's Hall.—Lyceum, open session at 10 and 1-30, service 2-45 and 6. Collections, silver preferred. Come in hundreds.—J. B., sec.

GATESHEAD. Kingsboro Terrace.—Saturday, Dec. 29, tea and social; tickets 6d. Friends come and help.

HUDDERSFIELD. Brook Street.—New Year's Day an entertainment, supper and dance, commence promptly at 7-30, tickets (entertainment and supper only) 9d., children 6d.; including dance, 1s. Varied and attractive entertainment of choice recitals, solos, songs, action songs by children, and funny dramatic sketch. A jolly gathering expected. All invited.

LANCASTER.—Grand tea at 4 and 5-30, and entertainment for Lyceum and Society on Dec. 29, tea 9d, entertainment 3d.; old friends and new welcome.

LEEDS. Progressive Hall.—Watch meeting on New Year's Eve, Jan. 6: Service of Song, "Rest at last," by Lyceum scholars.

LIVERPOOL. Daulby Hall.—Dec. 30 and Jan. 6, Mr. J. J. Morse.

LONDON (South). Spiritualists' Mission.—New Year's Eve, social on Dec. 31, at Winchester Hall, High-street, Peckham. Interesting programme, including dances, singing, games, &c. Refreshments. Early applications for tickets is necessary, or disappointment may result. Tickets, 1s., of Mr. W. E. Long, 35, Station-road, Camberwell.

MANCHESTER.—Tea party, entertainment, and ball, Tuesday, New Year's Day, in the large Co-operative Hall, Downing-street, Ardwick. The following artists have kindly consented to take part in the entertainment:—The Davis Bros., Shepherd, Rose, Johnson, Davis, and Mr. Simkins. Instrumental quartette by Quadrille Band. Tickets, including tea, entertainment, and ball, gentlemen 1s. 3d., ladies 1s.; admittance after tea, 1s. Tea at 4-30 prompt; entertainment at 7 p.m. Dancing to follow entertainment.

MANCHESTER (Openshaw). Granville Hall, George Street.—Jan. 1, annual tea party, entertainment and ball. Tickets 1s. (see posters), from any officer of the society.

MANCHESTER. Pendleton Co-op. Hall.—Annual tea party at 4, and ball from 7 till 2, on New Year's Eve. St. George's Band will be in attendance. M.C., Mr. Joseph Dean. Tickets 1s. 6d., double 2s. 9d.

OLDHAM. Bartlam Place.—Dec. 29, Mr. Britland's band will be in attendance; oranges, apples, etc., will be given to the Lyceumists, all for the moderate sum of 6d. adults; children 4d.

ROCHDALE. Regent Hall.—Annual tea party on Jan. 5, 1895. Black and White Minstrels. Friends please note.—F. B.

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Mr. G. Adams, Trance Speaker, Clairvoyant, and Healing Medium, Bengal-street, Leigh and Bedford, has a few open dates for 1895.

Miss Jones, Clairvoyant and Speaker, 2, Benson Street, Liverpool.

Mrs. Cookson, Herbalist, 108, Whetley-hill, Manningham, Bradford.

Miss E. Barlow Clairvoyant (age 13), 22, Kenion-street, Rochdale.

Mr. Holmes, Medical and Magnetic Healer, 6, Peace-st, Burnley.

Miss Pickles, Platform Medium, 30, Marlborough Street, Keighley.

Mr. J. Young, Clairvoyant and Psychometrist, 13, North-st., Royton.

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Societies marked thus \* are affiliated with the National Federation.

*rington*—26, China-street Lyceum, 10.30; 2.30, 6.30.  
*abernacle*, Whalley-road, at 2.30 and 6.15. Monday 7.30. Wednesday, at 7.30. Thursday 7.30, members.  
 \**Temple*, St. James-street, 2.30 and 6. Monday, Tuesday, at 7.30. Wednesday, 7.30, Members' Circle.  
 \**Armley* (near Leeds)—Theaker-lane, Lyceum, 10; 2.30, 6.30, Mr. J. Smithson. Monday, at 2.30, Public Circle; 7.30, Public Meeting. Sat., 8, Public Circle. All welcome.  
*Ashington*—Memorial Hall, 5.  
 \**Ashton*—Church-st. (off Warrington-st.), 2.30, 6.30, Mrs. Hyde. Public Circle, Tuesday, 7.30.  
 \**Attercliffe*—Vestry Hall, Board Room, at 3 and 6.30, Mr. W. C. Mason. Wednesday.  
*Bacup*—Princess-st., off Bamside-lane, Lyceum, at 10; 2.30, 6.30.  
*Barnoldswick*—Spiritual Hall, Lyceum, 10; 2.30, 6.30.  
 \**Barrow-in-Furness*—82, Dalkeith-st., 11, 6.30.  
 \**Bailey Carr*—Town-st., Lyceum, at 10 and 2.30; 6, Mr. J. Armitage.  
 \**Batley*—Wellington-street, Lyceum, at 10 and 1.45, 2.30, 6, Mr. F. Colbeck.  
*Belper*—Jubilee Hall, Lyceum, 10, 2; 11 a.m., 6.30, Mr. G. Featherstone. Wednesday, 7.30.  
 \**Birmingham*—Smethwick: 107 and 108, Cape Hill, opp. Windmill Lane. Lyceum at 3, 11, & 6.30.  
 \**Masonic Hall*, Union, 11; 6.30, Mr. E. W. Wallis.  
*Bishop Auckland*—Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, at 2 and 6.  
 \**Blackburn*—Old Grammar School Freckleton-st. 9.15 Lyceum; 11, Circle; 2.30, 6.30.  
 15, New Market-st., W., Northgate, Lyceum, 9.30; Circle 11; 2.30, 6.30, Mr. Manning. Mon., 7.45, Members only. Wednesday, 7.45, Circle.  
 \**Blackpool*—Liberal Club, Church-st., 9.30 Lyceum; 11, Members' Circle, 2.30, 6.30, Mrs. J. A. Stansfield.  
*Alpine Hall*, Victoria-street, 10.30, Public Circle; at 2.30 and 6.30. Mon., 7.30.  
 \**Bolton*—Bradford-street, Lyceum, 9.30; 2.30, 6.30, Mr. Willis.  
*Bradford*—Bowling: Harker-street, 11, 2.30, and 6, Mr. and Mrs. Ormrod. Mon., 2.30. Wed., 8.  
*Horton*: 15, Quaker-lane, 2.30 6.30. Monday, 8, Circle. Thursday, at 8, Circle.  
*Jesse-st.* Mission (off Manchester-rd.), Circle at 11, 2.30, 6.30. Tues., 7.45, Circle.  
 \**Little Horton-lane*, 1, Spicer-street, 2.30, 6, Monday, 7.45.  
*Lower Temperance Hall*, Leeds-rd., 11, Developing Circle; 2.30 and 6.30. Monday, Wed., 7.45.  
 \**Milton Hall*, 32, Rebecca-st., City-rd., Lyceum, 10; 2.30, 6, Lyceum Day.  
 421, Manchester-road Mission Room, 11, Circle; 2.30, 6, Mr. Todd and Mrs. Webster. Tues., 8.  
 \**Oldyead*, Lyceum, at 10.30; at 2.30 and 6, Mr. W. Rowling. Tuesday, 7.45.  
 St. James' Church, Lower Ernest-st., 2.30, 6.30. Wednesdays at 7.45.  
*Walton-street*, Hall-lane, 2.30, 6, Local. Monday, 7.30.  
*West Bowling*—Boyn-ton-st., at 10, Lyceum, 2.30, 6, Mrs. Hunt. Mon., 8, Thurs., 8, Circle.  
 \**Brighouse*—Martin-st., Lyceum, at 10; 2.30, 6, Mr. Farnsworth.  
*Bristol*—Phoenix Coffee Palace, Lower Ashley-road, at 8 p.m. on Wednesdays. Developing Circle.  
 \**Burnley*—Hammerton-street, Lyceum at 9.30; 2.30, 6, Mr. J. B. Tetlow.  
 145, Oxford-road. Wednesday's at 8, Prompt Reception Seances.  
 \**Elm-st.*, Lyceum, 9.30; 2.30, 6. Tuesday, 7.45, Public Circle.  
 102, Padham-rd., at 2.30 and 6. Open every evening, 7.30. Wednesday, Members only.  
 \**Guy-street*, Gannow Top, Lyceum, 10; 2.30, 6, Monday, 7.30. Wednesday, 7.30, Public Circle.  
 \**Hull-street*, Lyceum, 10, 2.30 and 6, Anniversary. Wed., 7.30.  
 \**Bury*—Spiritual Hall, Georgiana-street, Lyceum at 10; 2.30, 6, Mr. Pilkington. Wednesday.  
 \**Cardiff*—Public Hall, Queen-st. Arcade, Lyceum, at 2.45; 6.30.  
*Cleckheaton*—Oddfellows' Hall, Lyceum, 10; at 2.45 and 6, Mr. Williamson. Monday, in old room, 7.30, Developing Circle. Thursday, 7.30, Public Meeting.  
 \**Colne*—Cloth Hall, Lyceum, 10; 2.30 and 6.30, Mr. Swindlehurst.  
 \**Darwen*—Church Bank-st., Lyceum, 9.30 and 1.45. Circle, 11, 3, 6.30. Monday, 4, Sewing Class. Wednesday, at 8, Circle.  
*Dewsbury*—Bond-street, Lyceum, 10.45; 3 and 6. Thursday, 7.30.  
*Elland*—Lyceum at 10.30; at 2.30 and 6, Mr. Campion.  
*Felling*—Hall of Progress, Charlton Row, 2.30 and 6.  
 \**Foleshill*—Edgwick, 10.45 & 6.30. Monday, 8, Circle.  
*Gateshead*—1, Team Valley Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Mr. J. Beck.  
 79, Taylor-terrace, 6.30. Wednesdays, 8.  
 47 Kingsboro-terrace, at 6.30, G. Forrester. Thursday, 7.30.  
*Glasgow*—4, Carlton-place, 11.30; 6.30.  
*Halsifax*—Winding-road, at 2.30 and 6, Mrs. Stair. Monday.  
*Hanley*—Grove House, Birches Head, at 3 and 6.30.  
*Hackmondwyke*—Thomas-street, at 10, Lyceum; 2.30, 6. Thursday, 7.30.  
*Heywood*—Temple, William-st., Lyceum, 10; 2.30, 6. Tuesday, 7.30.  
*High Shields*—1, South Eldon-street, Lyceum, 2.30; 11 and 6.  
 \**Hollinwood*—Factory Fold, 2.30; 6.30, Messrs. Rowcroft and France.  
 \**Huddersfield*—Brook-street, Lyceum; 2.30 and 6.30, Mrs. France.  
 Institute, 3A, Station-street, at 2.30 and 6.30, Mrs. Summerville.  
 \**Hull*—St. George's Hall, Story-st., No. 4 Room, 2.30 and 6.30, Mr. Williams. Wednesday, 8, Public Circle. Thurs., 8, Members' Developing Circle, both at No. 8 Room, Friendly Societies' Hall.  
*Hunslet* (Leeds)—Institute, 2.30 and 6, Mr. Wood. Monday and Tuesday, 7.30, Circle. Saturday, Public Circle, at 8.  
 \**Hyde*—Mount-street, Travis-street, at 2.30 and 6.30, Mr. W. Johnson. Tuesday.  
*Ilke*—2, Back Lane, Lyceum, 2, 6,

*Jagger Green*—2.30 and 6.  
*Keighley*—Lyceum, East Parade, at 2.30 and 6, Mr. B. Gledstone.  
 \**Eastwood*—Temple, 2.30, 6, Mrs. Gregg. Monday, at 7.30.  
 \**Lancaster*—Athenæum, St. Leonard's Gates, Lyceum, 10.30; 2.30, 6.30.  
*Leeds*—Progressive Hall, 16, Castle-st. (near G.N.R. Station), Lyceum, at 10.30; at 2.30 and 6, Mrs. Robinson. Monday, 7.30.  
 \**Psychological Hall*, 2.30 and 6.30, Mrs. Craven. Monday, 7.30.  
*Leicester*—Liberal Club, Town Hall Sq. 10.45, 6.30, Thursday, at 8, Public Circle.  
 Millstone Hall Lane, Lyceum, 2.30; 10.30, 6.30. Craiton-street, at 11, Circle; 6.30. Thursday, at 8, Circle. All welcome.  
*Leigh*—Newton-street, Lyceum, 10.30; 2.30, 6.15.  
*Liverpool*—Daulby Hall, Lyceum, 11; 2.30, 6.30; 8, Public Seance. Monday, at 8, Inquirers' Meeting. Tuesday, at 8, Public Circle.  
*Liversidge*—Bethel Lodge. Tues. and Sat., at 7.30. Carr-street, Little Town Lyceum, at 10; 2.30 and 6, Mrs. Schulver.  
*London*—Camberwell Road, 102.—7.30. Wednesdays, 7, Free Healing; 8, Developing.  
*Camberwell New Road*—Surrey Masonic Hall, at 6.30, Spiritual Assembly.  
*Chelsea*—45, Markham-square, King's-road, S.W., 7, Clairvoyant Seance. Thursday, 8, Developing Circles. Saturday, at 8, Clairvoyance.  
*Clapham*—32, St. Luke's-road, Friday evenings, at 8, Trance Address and Clairvoyance.  
*Clapham Junction*—132, St. John's Hall, Mrs. Ashton Bingham welcomes inquirers on Thursday, at 7.  
 113, Edgeware-road (Mr. H. Hunt's), every evening, except Tuesdays, at 7.30; Saturdays, 6d.  
*Forest Hill*—23, Devonshire-road, at 7, Thursday, at 8, Open Circle.  
*Kentish Town*—8, Wilkin-street, Grafton-road, Monday, 6. Reception, Mrs. Spring; 8, Dawn of Day Open Meeting.  
 245, Kentish Town Road.—Mr. Warren's, at 7. Thursdays, 8, Mrs. Mason.  
*Leytonstone*—17, Beulah-road, Developing Circle, Monday and Friday at 8.  
 \**Manor Park, Essex*—13, Berkley Terrace, White Post Lane, Sunday, at 11, Students and Inquirers Meeting; also the last Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m. Monday, Reading Room open at 7 p.m. for the study of Spiritual literature; 8.30 p.m. Experimental Circle for Inquirers. Thursday, at 8 p.m., for Spiritualists only, the Study of Mediumship. All meetings free.  
*Marylebone*—Cavendish Rooms, 51, Mortimer-st., W., at 7, Mr. W. T. Cooper, and Clairvoyance by Miss M'Creddie.  
*Marylebone*—113, Lisson Grove.  
*Mill End*—218, Jubilee-street, fifteen doors from Mile End-road, at 7.  
*Notting Hill*—128, Lancaster-road. Seance at Mr. Pursey's, Mondays and Thursdays, at 8.  
 111, Clarendon-road, W., Mr. Wyndoe. Tuesday, at 8, Mrs. Mason. Satur., at 8, Circle.  
*Paddington*—227, Shirland-road, at 7, Spiritual Service. Wednesday, at 8, Mr. Goddard. Sat., 7. Provident Society; 8, Social Gathering.  
*Peckham*—Chepstow Hall, at 6.45. Tuesday, at 8.30, Open Circle and Magnetic Healing by Mr. Edwards.  
*Stepney*—Mrs. Ayers', 45, Jubilee-st., 7. Tues., 8.  
*Stockwell*—4, Sidney-rd., Tues., 6.30, Free Healing.  
 \**Stratford*—Workman's Hall, West Ham Lane, E., at 7. Friday, 7.30, Dr. Reynolds.  
*Longton*—Post Office Buildings, King-st., 2.30, 6.30. Monday, 7.45.  
 174, Uttometer-road. Monday, 8, Seance.  
 \**Macclesfield*—Cumberland-st., Lyceum, 10.30; 3 and 6.30.  
 361, Park Lane, at 2.30 and 6.30.  
 \**Manchester*—Ardwick: Temperance Hall, Tipping-street, Lyceum, 10; 2.45, 6.30, Mr. J. C. MacDonald. 8.30, Members' Circle. Wed., 8, Public Circle.  
*Harpurhey*: Collyhurst-road, Lyceum, 10; 2.45, 6.30, Mr. B. Plant. Thursday, Public Circle.  
*Openshaw*: Granville Hall (Liberal Club) George street, at 10.30 and 6.30, Mrs. Lamb.  
*Openshaw*: Late Salvation Hall, Grey Mare Lane, 2.30, 6.30. Friends invited. Thursday, at 8, Public Circle.  
*West Gorton*: 2, Peter-st., Clowes-st., Lyceum, 2.30; 6.30, Public Circle. Monday, 8, Private Circle. Wednesday 8, Public Circle.  
*Hulme*: Corner of Junction-st., Lyceum, 10.30; 6.30, Public Circle. Monday, 8. Thursday, 8, Mr. Lamb's Public Circle.  
 \**Pendleton*: Cobden-st., Lyceum, 10.30, 1.30; 2.45, 6.30, Mr. W. Buckley.  
*Patricroft*: New Lane, Winton, at 2.30 and 6.30. Wednesday, at 8, Public Circle.  
 \**Salford*: Co-op. Stores, Chapel-st., Lyceum, 10, 2; 6.30. Wednesday, at 8. Doors closed at 8.15 sharp.  
 \**Middlesborough*—Hall, Newport-rd., 2.30, 6.30.  
 Granville Rooms, 10.30, 6.30.  
 \**Millom*—Lyceum 10 and 2; Platform 6; Public Circle 7.30. Wednesday, 7.  
*Mirfield*—Oddfellows' Hall, at 7.15.  
*Morley*—Church-st., Lyceum, at 10, 2; 2.30 and 6.30.  
 \**Nelson*—Bradley Fold, 2.30, 6. Monday, at 7.30. Ann-street, 2.30 and 6.  
 \**Newcastle-on-Tyne*—Heaton and Byker, at 6.30.  
*Newport* (Mon.)—Institute, 85, William-st., 11, 6.30.  
*Normanton*—Queen-st., 2.30 and 6, Madam Henry.  
*North Shields*—6, Camden-st., 6.15, Mr. W. Davidson.  
*Northampton*—Oddfellows' Hall, Newland, 2.30, 6.30, Local Friends.  
 \**Nottingham*—Morley Hall, 2.30, Lyceum; 10.45, 6.30.  
 \**Masonic Lecture Hall*, 10.45 and 6.30, Mrs. Groom.  
 \**Oldham*—Temple, Bridge-street, Union-st., 3, 6.30, Mrs. Green. Tuesday, 7.30, Public Circle.  
 \**Hall*, Barlham Place, Lyceum, 10; 3 and 6.30 Thursday, 7.45, Public Circle.  
*Osselt*—Queen's-st., 2.30, 6.  
*Parkgate*—Band Room, Albert-road, at 6.  
*Plymouth*—8, The Octagon, 10, 6.30, Wednesdays 8.  
 \**Preston*—Lawson-street, Walker-street, 2.30, 6.30. Thursday, 7.30, Circle.  
 \**Rawtenstall*—Lyceum, 10.30; at 2.30, 6, Mrs. Griffin.  
*Rochdale*—Regent Hall, Lyceum, 9.45; 2.30 and 6, Tuesday, 7.45, Circle.  
 \**Water Street*, 3, 6.30, Mrs. Best. Tuesday, 8. Penn-street, Lyceum, 10; at 2.30, 6. Wednesday, 7.30, Circle.

*Temple*, 13A, Bailie-street, at 2.30, 6, Mr. J. Parker. Wednesday, 7.30, Circles.  
 \**Royston*—Lyceum, at 10; 2.45 and 6, Misses Taylor and Armitage. Wed., 7.30, Public Circle. Door Closed 8.  
*Shaw*—7, Millrow-rd., at 2.30 and 6.  
 \**Sheffield*—Hollis Hall, Bridge-st., 3 and 7, Mr. C. Shaw. Thursday, at 8, Circle.  
 Cocoa House, 175, Pond-street, 7.  
*Shipley*—Westgate, 2.30, 6, Mr. Grattan.  
 \**Slaitheite*—Laith Lane, 2.30, 6, Mr. C. King.  
*South Shields*—16, Cambridge-st., at 6, Mr. R. Grice. Tues., 7.30.  
 \**Sowerby Bridge*—Hollins Lane, Lyceum, 10.30, 2.45; 2.30, 6, Mr. Sutcliffe.  
*Spennymoor*—Central Hall, 2.30, 6. Thursday, 7.30.  
*Stalybridge*—Grand Theatre, 3 and 6.30. Tuesday.  
*Stockport*—Hall, Wellington-road, nr. Heaton-lane, Lyceum, at 10; at 2.30 and 6.30. Thursday, at 7.30, Private Circle.  
*Sunderland*—Centre House, High-street, W., 2.30, Lyceum; 6.30.  
 Monkwearmouth—Miners' Hall, Roker Avenue, 6.30, Mr. J. E. Wright.  
*Todmorden*—Society Hall, 2.30 and 6.30, Mr. Davis. Monday, 7.30. Wednesday, 7.30, Public Circle.  
*Tunstall*—13, Rathbone-st., 6.30.  
*Wakefield*—Baker's Yard, Kirkgate, at 2.30 and 6, Mr. Drake. Wednesday, 7.30, Public Circle.  
 1, Barstow-square, Westgate, at 2.30 and 6, Mrs. Wrighton. Wednesday, 7.30.  
 \**Walsall*—Central Hall, Lyceum, at 10, and 2.30; 11, 6.30, Mrs. M. H. Wallis.  
*West Pelton*—Co-operative Hall, Lyceum, at 10.30; 2 and 5.30, Mr. J. Livingstone.  
 \**West Vale*—Green Lane, 2.30, 6, Local.  
*Whitworth*—Market-st., 2.30, 6, Miss Cotterill.  
*Wisbech*—Lecture Room, Public Hall, 6.45, Mr. Ward.  
*Woodhouse*—Talbot Building, Station-road, 6.30.  
*Windhill*—Local Board Office, Cragg-road, Lyceum, 10.15; 2.30 and 6, Mrs. Stretton.  
*Yeadon*—Town Side, Lyceum, at 9.30; 6, Messrs. Foulds and Williamson. Thursday, 7.30, Public Circle.

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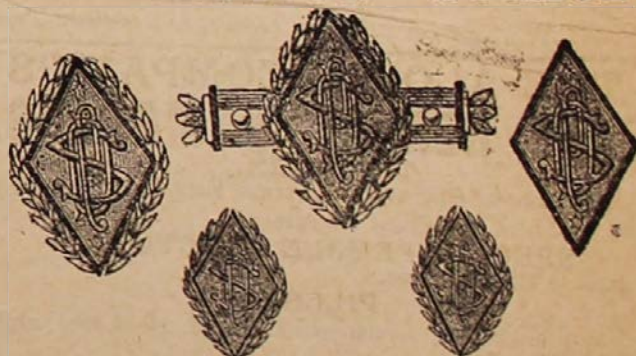
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